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The Author is Assistant Editor of the *Gardeners' Magazine*, a member of the Royal Horticultural Society's Orchid Committee, and was formerly in charge of the fine national collection of Orchids at the Royal Gardens, Kew.

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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1910.

The Week.

"President Taft's policy of a scientific revision of the tariff, schedule by schedule," says the London *Economist*, "deceives no one and appeals to no one. It is at best a plea for scientific protection, and the most that can be hoped for it is that a few of the most favored monopolists may be reduced to something like the level of protection obtained by other traders." The *Economist* is right. And the first big task confronting the Democratic party in its new position of strength will be that of placing before the people a prospect of relief more substantial than is offered by any such principle as that of making the tariff cover the difference, or alleged difference, of cost of production between this country and foreign countries. It is a curious circumstance that in one respect—and that a very important one—this new formulation of the protectionist principle goes beyond anything that used to be avowed by the protectionists themselves in their palmiest days. We refer to the entire and almost formal abandonment of the infant-industries plea. After telling us for half a century that protection was to be used for the purpose of building up industries which would ultimately stand on their feet, we are now asked to tax ourselves permanently in support of any industry, however costly, to just the extent that its extra cost may require.

The position of President Taft in regard to the Cunningham claims is made very plain by the letter from Mr. Norton, secretary to the President, in reply to the request made by Gifford and Amos Pinchot some days ago. Final action will not be taken on the claims without the previous consent of the President, after submission to him of all the evidence. The President assents to the proposal of the Messrs. Pinchot to submit to him a brief on the subject. It now rests with Mr. Taft to take such steps in regard to the examination of the whole case as will insure its decision purely on its merits, and without any complication with personal entanglements.

Judging from the past performances of Gov.-elect Foss of Massachusetts, Senator Lodge is in for a pretty uncomfortable time if he persists in his desire for reëlection to the United States Senate. There is an Ethan Allen sound in Mr. Foss's anti-Lodge pronunciamento: "In the name of the majority of the sovereign people of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts," he announces, "I demand that Henry Cabot Lodge surrender his seat in the United States Senate by withdrawing from his contest for reëlection." Behind this challenge is the undeniable fact that the election of two weeks ago was as clear a popular mandate for the retirement of Lodge as could be given under the circumstances; in defeating Draper for Governor and electing Foss by an astonishing majority, the people plainly showed where they stood as to Lodge and the whole policy and system that he represents. Now Foss says that if Lodge won't retire he will stump the State against him. Seeing that Foss's election to Congress was the first manifestation of the Democratic landslide, it looks as though he might carry the State in his war on Lodge.

The election-time lull in the New York graft investigation has been followed by developments interesting enough to satisfy the most exacting. The testimony of State Senator Travis is of special interest and importance not only because of the enormous size of the bribe which he testifies was offered him to vote against the anti-race-track bills, but because of the corroboration it presents to the story told to the committee by Assistant District Attorney Elder before its adjournment last month. The bribery allegations in that story were not statements of facts that came directly to Mr. Elder's knowledge, but were the result of information imparted to him in a conversation by ex-State Senator Gardner. Senator Travis's testimony brings the bribe negotiation itself home to Gardner. A matter that henceforth should not be lost sight of by the public is the statement made by Mr. Bruce that subpœna-servers have been looking for Harry Payne Whitney and James R. Keene since October 22, and have been unable to find them; it is to be hoped that when these men are made to testify, the heart of the story will be got at. In the testimony of Orlando A. Jones the so-called turf interests make a sorry showing; and altogether, the more the whole race-track business is looked into, the more one realizes what a degrading mess it was that Gov. Hughes set about clearing out.

Minority representation in Illinois and its corollary, cumulative voting, are attacked by the Legislative Voters' League of that State as no longer suited to conditions, and as being deleterious in their effect upon the kind of men chosen at primaries and elections. Following the civil war, southern Illinois was solidly Democratic, and northern Illinois as solidly Republican; and minority representation was adopted as a means of giving representation in the Legislature to the Republicans in the southern part of the State and to Democrats in the northern part. The alteration of this political balance has weakened the reason for the plan, and the decision of the State Supreme Court that a primary is an election, necessitating the application of the cumulative provision to primaries, has emphasized and increased its faults. As three candidates are to be elected from each legislative district, and as the voter may cast one vote for each, one and one-half votes for each of two, or three votes for one, the majority party in a district has adopted the practice of nominating only two candidates, and the minority party, similarly, only one, thus rendering the election perfunctory. The judiciary extension of the system to the primaries hampered the voters still further. The League is therefore starting a campaign for a constitutional amendment providing for the division of the State into 153 districts, each one electing one member to the lower house of the Legislature.

The fine discrimination characteristic of Gov.-elect Wilson's thinking, with which the whole country is rapidly becoming familiar, appears again in his utterance before the Business Service Lecture League in Chicago. He remarked: "It has been truly said that the

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people of the country were so fast asleep that it took a brass band to wake them up. But we can't solve the problems of the day by getting in behind the brass band. The solution will come in quiet conferences." Credit where credit is due could not be more justly apportioned. The mistake of the muckrakers is not their muckraking, but their tacit assumption that it is something more than the beginning of reform; and the error of their critics is their failure to recognize the necessity of disagreeableness in the initial stages of public housecleaning.

The suggestion of a Western judge that party platforms should be transformed from their present unsatisfactory character as insincere bids for votes, jokes which by much repetition have lost their point, or literature which, like "Paradise Lost," everybody praises and nobody reads, is more commendable than his proposed method of bringing about the change. For the courts to have power by mandamus to compel their enforcement, would lead at once to similar power over all campaign promises; and this, in turn, would be a fatal blow at the most time-honored and interesting feature of our politics. When the day comes in which candidates and parties are perforce governed by reason rather than by imagination, they will look back from their meagre audiences to the good old times of 1910, and its not too responsive crowds, with real envy. Until then, we shall probably have to get along with the untechnical but not altogether ineffective form of mandamus that issues on the first Tuesday after the first Monday in alternate Novembers.

The census figures for the city of San Francisco and for the State of Indiana tell the same kind of story that has been coming from so many parts of the country—that of rapid urban growth and stationary or declining country population. The figures for San Francisco are, of course, the more remarkable from the fact that only a few years ago the city was almost completely destroyed by earthquake and fire. In the face of this experience, the population has grown from 342,782 in 1900 to 416,912 in 1910, an increase of 21½ per cent.; and when it is added that the outlying cities of Oakland and Berkeley, in the environs of San Francisco, have shown an enormous increase—doubtless stimulated, relatively to San Francisco, by the earthquake itself—the showing becomes still more remarkable. Oakland's advance has been from 66,960 to 150,174, an increase of nearly 125 per cent.; Berkeley's from 13,214 to 40,434, an increase of more than 200 per cent. Evidently, neither graft nor the fight against graft has been fatal to San Francisco's aspirations in the matter of numerical growth.

The Chicago alumni of Delta Upsilon, at their last banquet, adopted resolutions declaring that no man who failed to do his best by his college courses had done his whole duty by his college and fraternity. This statement of principles was vitalized by the establishment of a fund sufficient to supply gold medals to the Delta Upsilon undergraduates at the University of Chicago and at Northwestern who attain the highest average rank in scholarship for the year. And to add the final emphasis, at each presentation of the medals a statement is to be read, setting forth the aim of the prize and the place which, in the view of the alumni, scholarship should have in college life. This statement is remarkable in assigning to the mastery of knowledge just those virtues of accurate processes of reasoning, self-reliance, and high ideals of life and duty which we have all along understood were the peculiar merits of college athletics. For courses of study this is high praise indeed. If the fraternities are going to assume this position, English 17 and history 9, and even Greek 1, may come to be regarded as almost as important as the mysterious figures of football signals or of track records.

Andreas Dippel's avowed reason for desiring to become an American citizen takes one's breath away. We are quite accustomed to the liberty-loving alien whose ardor for our institutions impels him to seek citizenship, and we are not unfamiliar with those foreigners who love the flag for what it promises in the line of office. But Herr Dippel gives the motive of his seeking naturalization in words like these: "I wish to become an American citizen because of what I see is the future of grand opera in the United States." It is not for reasons of this nature that Patti, Paderewski, and the ageless Sarah have honored us with their presence, but the new motive is nevertheless thoroughly agreeable.

Too high praise cannot be given to President Taft for his frank and straightforward statement as to the future of the Panama Republic. There have been alarming and apparently well-founded statements that the republic was nearing a collapse and likely to be allowed to fall to pieces. Some of the Washington correspondents have even detailed just what savings could be made by the United States were all of Panama to be thrown into the Canal Zone. Now, the Panama Republic, as everybody knows, was conceived in fraud, and its independence can exist only by the protection of the United States. But shameful as our treatment of Colombia was, we at least gave the residents of Panama to understand that we were sincere in our desire to relieve them of the "tyranny" of Colombia. Others may have thought we had our tongues in our cheeks as we said so, but those inhabitants of the new republic not on the inside of the affair believed we meant what we said. The annexation of the republic now would not merely alarm all Latin-Americans and inflame them against us; but it would convince Europe that we are nothing but a set of base hypocrites. Mr. Taft's statement that we are "the guarantor of the integrity of the Republic of Panama, and therefore in a sense the guardian of the liberties of her people as secured by your Constitution," and that this "relation neither calls for nor permits annexation," is exactly to the point when it would have been easy to remain silent.

Not in many years has such disquieting news come from Mexico. Reports of violent dissatisfaction with the Diaz régime in all parts of the republic, and of actual outbreaks at various points, are meagre, partly because the Government is in control of the telegraph wires; but the evidence seems clear that political discontent, with mutterings of revolution, is more marked to-day than at any time since Porfirio Diaz made himself perpetual President. Coming so close upon the heels of the celebration of the centenary of Mexican independence, these disturbances are a sardonic comment upon much of the glori-

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fication that was indulged in upon that occasion. The world will begin to think that a military oligarchy, thinly disguised as a republic, may not be the best of governments, even for Mexico. There seems little reason to doubt that the central government will be able to throw sufficient troops into the disaffected territory to put down the quasi-revolutionists; but the whole affair is a pretty severe reflection upon the methods of Diaz, and a sobering reminder of what may come after him.

The pomp and circumstance of royal progresses are to be supplemented, in the case of the Duke of Connaught's visit at the opening of the Parliament of South Africa, by a solid residuum. Sums aggregating $2,500,000 have been subscribed for the development of the Cape University, which is apparently a mere examining and degree-conferring corporation, into a teaching residential university. This is to be brought about by incorporating existing colleges as constituents of the new institution, and by creating chairs for those subjects for which a college would not provide. Funds from various sources have enabled the Cape University to complete what the Duke called its handsome pile of buildings, but the money for its expansion has come from two men. Mr. Alfred Beit has agreed to divert the million-dollar bequest of Mr. Otto Beit for the foundation of a university at Johannesburg, to the creation of a university at Groote Schuur, and Sir Julius Wernher is to make up the amount to the aggregate named. This strengthening of an existing institution instead of building a new one, reveals a wise unselfishness on the part of the donors. The existence of a great university for the whole of South Africa cannot but make still more perfect the Union which the possession of a single Parliament at once typifies and enforces.

The German Government's throwing open of its country to the admission of foreign cattle, save on the Russian side, marks a great victory for public opinion and the breakdown of one of the most interesting protection experiments the world has seen. At the behest of the Agrarians, who control the Government, the importation of foreign cattle was virtually prohibited. If Germans wanted to eat meat they must eat German meat or none at all—that was the way to protect the home industry of cattle-raising. But the Agrarians at once took advantage of the tariff to raise the price of cattle, with the result that, as the population grew, it went still higher. Latterly there has been a regular meat famine, with many thousands of people going without meat as they would without tickets to the Imperial opera. The dispatches state that the headway made by the Social Democrats in consequence of this state of affairs is what compelled the Chancellor to permit the entry of Dutch, French, and Belgian cattle. But the Socialists were not the only ones to protest. Liberal newspapers and the organs of the middle classes have been up in arms about it, and the municipalities of Berlin, Frankfort-on-the-Main, and other cities have complained loudly and bitterly to the Imperial Government. For a long time the Chancellor, like his predecessor, "stood pat." But, as in this country, the outcry against standing pat was not to be stilled.

Professor Westlake of Cambridge University has just published a letter on the Russification of Finland, in which he sets forth forcibly the "hope of Englishmen that the Czar may yet turn his Nationalists back from the fatal path." As professor of international law at Cambridge, the words of Professor Westlake have peculiar weight. He shows how ready the Finnish Diet has been to admit the supremacy of the Russian Government in all that concerns foreign affairs, but that it, and a united people behind it, are absolutely unwilling to surrender the separate existence as a Grand Duchy which Finland has enjoyed for a century. There is a vast difference, as Professor Westlake points out, between the unity of an Empire and an enforced uniformity throughout all its parts. Indeed, to insist upon the latter is a very direct way of destroying the sentiment of Imperial unity. Austria has been wiser in this matter than Russia; has left much more free play to the different races and languages under her rule. The Russian rulers say that the "general interests" of the Empire must be safeguarded by compelling Finland to extinguish herself. But it may well be argued that those interests will best be taken care of by meeting the aspirations of the Finnish people, instead of crushing them out.

Spain's favorable settlement of her claims upon Morocco is a piece of good fortune for the Canalejas Government. Not only will it heighten the prestige of the Ministry, and in that way strengthen it for its contest with the Clericals, but it will actually throw a wind-fall into Canalejas's lap. For to have obtained an indemnity of $13,000,000 from Morocco, besides some extension of Spanish territory about Melilla, must be reckoned a great help to the Prime Minister in facing his domestic problems. These are partly financial. For example, one feature of the Ministerial programme is enlarging the number of public schools—a great desideratum in Spain—and better equipping those already in existence. The Moroccan indemnity will obviously make the financing of this project easier, and avoid the grumbling which increased taxation causes.

According to a Paris report, the United States, France, Germany, and Great Britain have arrived at an agreement for the rehabilitation of Liberia. It is represented that after prolonged negotiations the four Powers named will unify and pay off the debt of Liberia by a joint administration of the customs. Unexpected is the provision that Liberia, without losing in any way her sovereignty, shall hereafter be represented abroad either by the United States diplomatic and consular officers or by special attachés to embassies and legations. France, it is reported, has insisted on harsh terms, the acceptance of which will only intensify the anti-French feeling in the little republic. It stipulates that French troops guard their posts in Liberia until relieved by well-organized Liberians, and demands the ratification of the delimitation convention of 1907, by which the French coolly helped themselves to a large slice of Liberian territory. On its face this agreement is, even with its drawbacks, a clever achievement of Secretary Knox. The problem of Liberia has had its difficulties on account of the dangerous precedents it might easily establish. For the United States to assume the direction of Liberia, many felt, was to invite our jingo politicians to reach out for similar control of a lot of South or Central American republics.

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ENGLAND'S POLITICAL TROUBLES.

Such a political crisis as that which has been precipitated upon England is usually the work of extremists in both parties. The moderate men on either side would seek an arrangement, instead of rushing to battle. So they would, apparently, at the present juncture. There are both Liberals and Conservatives of weight and influence, constituting a sort of middle body of opinion, who deplore a rash appeal to the *ratio ultima*, and still maintain that a great Constitutional question can be settled by the give-and-take of responsible statesmen better than by a count of noses. Baron Courtney, a stout Liberal and a high authority on the English Constitution, spoke up last week for further conferences on the reform of the House of Lords, and protested against taking it out of the hands of Parliament and asking the man in the street to decide. With such a view, it is safe to say, both Mr. Asquith and Mr. Balfour would in their hearts sympathize. Speaking of the original plan for a conference, the Prime Minister has said that it was an experiment which, whatever the issue, "it was the bounden duty of the statesmanship of this country to attempt." And Mr. Balfour has borne witness to the earnest and honorable efforts made by the Liberal members of the conference to reach a compromise. But behind the leaders in both parties there has been a force against conciliation, and now, as the Prime Minister said in the House of Commons last Friday, "we revert to a state of war."

He still gave the Lords the chance of averting war by accepting entire and without alteration the Government's bill to limit the veto power of the upper house; but, naturally, they repudiated such a complete and immediate surrender, so that there is every prospect that the country will soon be plunged into another general election. It promises to be more bitterly contested and even more revolutionary in some of its aspects than the one of last January. For it is evident from Mr. Asquith's statement that the Liberals are now to go nearly the whole figure of Lloyd George and Winston Churchill. In addition to their fight for what they wish to make virtually a single-chamber government, they are going to fling themselves upon the labor vote. This is shown by the promise to extend old-age pensions even to paupers, and to introduce a bill to pay salaries to members of the House of Commons. This last measure has been, it is true, approved by many Conservatives, since the Osborne judgment making it illegal to set aside labor-union funds to support labor members of Parliament; and doubtless many "Tory Democrats" will be ready to accept, or at all events will not dare to oppose, the plan to remove the pauper disqualification for old-age pensions. Yet the whole manœuvre of the Government has an unpleasant look. Mr. Asquith acts like a man pushed on by irreconcilable extremists. Indeed, both English parties are to be blamed for letting the political situation get out of hand, and hurrying the country into an election for which the sound reason is not apparent, and which may result simply in making a great upheaval, but leaving the balance of parties very much as it is at present.

The Government's position is, of course, intelligible. It merely goes back to the condition of things before the conference. Mr. Asquith contends that the Liberal party cannot carry on the Government without some kind of guarantee that its work shall not be blocked by the Lords, in which the Conservatives have always a brute majority. Only by undertaking to extort some such assurance, or to force through the needed legislation, could the Prime Minister obtain the votes of the Irish and Labor members for the budget last spring. He is now merely carrying out the pledges he then made. But there has really been since a great change in the situation. The country has come over fully to the view that the House of Lords as it was has become impossible. All parties are ready to modify the hereditary principle, and to create a House of Lords that shall be more representative and more accessible to public opinion. The Lords themselves have voted to make sweeping changes in the composition of their House; and it is virtually certain that some further limitation or definition of their powers would be agreed to all round. But the hopes of a reasonable adjustment seem now to be dashed, and instead of conciliation, we are to have, after the long truce, a "state of war."

Reason as well as law is apt to be silent in the midst of war, and in the speeches already made, and the political cries caught up, we get a foretaste of the fury that is to come. Hard put to it for a slogan, the Conservatives have taken up with that of "American gold." This is at least an act of reciprocity; we know how many American elections "British gold" sought to carry. But it is really disheartening to see a man of Mr. Balfour's intellect and character asserting, as he did the other day, that what the Liberals propose is "a revolution financed by American gold." The reference is to the funds raised in this country by the Irish Nationalists. There is nothing new about this, and we believe that not nearly so large sums have been collected this year as were common in the days of Parnell. A good part of the money now procured came from the Irish in Canada, yet no Conservative will shriek about "Canadian gold." We shall hear a great deal about American millionaires seeking to buy an English election, and it may prove a "good-enough" battle-cry till after the election; but it does not raise expectations that the coming struggle will be conducted on a high level.

CORPORATION MORALS.

It is possible that the officers of the New York Central Railroad Company will be able to give a better look than they now wear to the peculiar facts relating to their figures of operating expenses, as brought out by the report of Mr. J. C. Wallace, one of the examiners of the Interstate Commerce Commission. If they are able to do so, the sooner they go about it the better. The things to be explained are not only the figures, which have much the look of having been so manipulated as to give all possible countenance to the argument that increased expenses have made necessary the proposed increase in freight rates, but also certain correspondence between officers of the company which has the appearance we are in the habit of associating with illicit desires, if not intentions. When a financial officer of a railway, after having submitted for legal advice a proposition to carry over an item of revenue to a subsequent quarter, with the apparent purpose of making a poorer showing of revenue, and having it adversely reported on, upon the ground that it is illogical, though perhaps not illegal—when such an officer writes "my only interest, of

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course, is the effect that it may have upon matters now being considered," it does not look as if his interest were one that would stand impartial scrutiny. If its bearing upon "matters now being considered" were entirely legitimate, there is no good reason why he should not use plain English in referring to them.

When will corporation managers learn that honesty is the best policy, and that plain and frank statement of facts is the best evidence of honesty? If there was any justification for the New York Central in departing from its past methods of apportioning its expenses for replacement of ties and rails, why did not the officers of the company so state in submitting their figures, instead of leaving the change itself to be discovered by a Government expert? Possibly the condemned locomotives come into a different category, but it looks as though there was a remarkable concentration of that kind of thing into the particular month or quarter that is made the basis of the company's claim of need for higher rates. What could be more destructive of the weight attaching to any representations made by railway heads in general than an exposure of want of fairness or honesty in simple matters of straight bookkeeping? The company may prove itself innocent of such a sin in this case, but appearances are against it, and the Government examiner has certainly been impressed with a strong conviction that the accounts in the three items to which he refers were manipulated for the purpose of producing a false impression.

If we cannot place reliance upon statements in which the elements are, comparatively speaking, so simple and definite, how much less are we to trust assertions relating to matters of extreme complexity, on which, even with the best will in the world, it is impossible to arrive at an absolute conclusion! Take such a matter as that of the commuter business, on which the Pennsylvania Railroad was heard the other day. It is difficult enough, on its face, to believe that this or any other railway company would deliberately carry hundreds of thousands of suburban passengers at a loss, year after year. In order that such an assertion should be received with any degree of credence by the public, there must be the strongest kind of presumption in favor of the trustworthiness of any statement coming from the management of the company. But how is such a presumption, in a matter involving most delicate and elastic considerations, to be maintained, when railway men render themselves suspect in matters of mere ordinary bookkeeping? Of course, so far as the commission is concerned, it will take into account, in the matter of commutation rates, the well-known factors bearing on them other than that of immediate receipts. For instance, to the building up of suburban business as a whole, the commutation rates for daily passengers have been indispensable. But, such as it is, the argument of the companies is incalculably weakened in its general effect by a want of confidence, for which just such things as this latest affair of the New York Central are responsible.

The same day that brought this matter forward gave us an initial judgment against one of the biggest industrial corporations of the country, charged with stealing water from New York city to the extent of $525,000. We do not mean to put the question raised by the New York Central's bookkeeping into the same category with the Sugar Trust's theft either of the city's water or of the United States Government's customs dues. It is well to preserve distinctions, and there are differences of kind and of degree in dishonesty. But nothing that our corporations, and our men in "big business" generally, could do would be half so much to their benefit in the long run—we mean in a strictly worldly sense, of the moral side there is no need to speak—as the adoption of a policy of absolute candor and honesty in dealing with every requirement of the law. No one knows when the time may come when the existing organization of business and society will be subjected to tests of strength compared to which anything we have as yet gone through is the merest child's-play; and then the most crucial single element in the whole situation will lie in the confidence, or want of confidence, of the people in the essential honesty of the conduct of the great business interests. To establish such confidence is the greatest task now resting upon our "captains of industry."

NAVY-YARD REFORM.

Secretary Meyer has managed to make his recent trip of inspection of the Eastern and Southern navy yards highly profitable, in that he has found ways of saving fully $300,000. But even more important is the Secretary's determination to recommend to Congress the discontinuance of certain navy yards and the making of others really efficient manufacturing plants. That this is a bold undertaking is plain to every one who has followed the history of the various navy yards. Most of them have been of the purely political variety, depending upon Congressional log-rolling for continuance, as they did for their establishment. They have been a frequent source of corruption, direct and indirect, and sectional feeling has been invoked and war-scares created, if necessary, to ward off inquiry or to foster large appropriations. So far no Secretary of the Navy or President has been able to make headway against this abuse. Hence it is refreshing to hear Mr. Meyer declare publicly that he will take the bull by the horns and call for the abolition of all the navy yards below Norfolk, save one to be supplementary to the Guantánamo naval station about which he is most enthusiastic—apparently forgetting that nobody in that Cuban port votes for American Congressmen.

Perhaps Mr. Meyer is encouraged to attempt his crusade against navy-yard waste by the approaching retirement from the Senate of Senator Hale of Maine. Valuable service as Mr. Hale has performed by his refusal to be stampeded by the big-navy mania, he has none the less laid himself open to criticism by the skill with which he has nursed his pet navy yard at Portsmouth, New Hampshire. In this place, in one year, $790,000 was expended for laborers—with votes—who produced work valued at only $418,804. At New Orleans, in the same year, the output was worth $1,046 at a cost of $78,274; its floating drydock takes care of about one ship a year; yet the dock alone cost a million. At the Key West yard in 1907 an expenditure of $94,318 resulted in a product valued at $7,126. Senator Hale's navy yard has cost more than $10,000,000; its drydock meant an investment of $1,100,000. Yet the waterway to the yard is so bad that no battleship is docked there, and even a gunboat ap-

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proaches it with great caution. At least four other yards are defective because of their insufficient channels—Key West, Mare Island, Port Royal, and Charleston, S. C.

At the last-named yard, which has cost above $4,000,000, the river is too narrow for any large ship to manœuvre. Hence, of late years it has been used as a station for torpedo-boats and destroyers. But the Port Royal yard remains the classic example of waste due to political influence. As far back as 1876 a naval board could see no reason whatever for recommending a navy yard there, but from 1898 to 1908 $1,084,346.26 was expended on it, and a costly drydock built, which has never been used because the only battleship ever docked there went aground in trying to get out. Port Royal is now abandoned save for a marine barracks, although it would have made an ideal naval training station, where apprentices and recruits could drill the year round. But instead of using it for this purpose, a few years ago Congress voted the establishment of a training station on the Great Lakes, on which $10,000,000 must be spent, and this in a climate where men cannot be drilled out of doors or venture upon the water in small boats for five months in the year. Even at Annapolis, recently rebuilt at an enormous cost, the water approaches are so poor that no battleships can lie off the Academy, where our naval officers are trained, and, according to the Coast Survey, conditions there are getting worse.

The Mare Island yard is another place where money has been literally thrown into the water with utterly reckless prodigality and solely for political reasons. Although a high official recommended its abandonment in 1898, yet in the next ten years $728,886.12 was spent for dredging the channel into which battleships venture only with the greatest uncertainty, and where they frequently go aground. During this same ten years $5,124,712.49 was spent on the yard itself. We notice that the Charleston *News and Courier* is still hopeful that Mr. Meyer will not recommend the abolition of the navy yard at its city; indeed, it says "the greatest navy yard of the Union should be situated here." Alas, for Charleston! There is on record an official report by Rear-Admiral Sumner, submitted to the Fifty-sixth Congress, in which he describes Charleston as a place *sui generis:*

> A fossil, an antique, non-progressive, and wofully and hopelessly in the rear, commercially and otherwise. Its health and sanitary conditions are shocking and disgraceful. It has no proper sewerage system. It has no adequate fresh-water supply. It is the worst hurricane harbor on the coast. It is not and cannot be made a fit harbor for heavy deep-draught vessels such as are common in this day. . . . From an engineering point of view it would seem to be an absurdity to locate a naval station anywhere in Charleston harbor.

Yet after this report was made, owing to politics, the Port Royal navy yard was moved to Charleston!

These facts are enough, we think, to show how great Secretary Meyer's opportunity is, and why we credit the report that he will recommend the closing of the Charleston, New Orleans, Portsmouth, and Port Royal yards, as also, we hope, that at Mare Island. President Taft is deeply interested in cutting down the expenses of the government. Secretary Meyer, backed up by Congress and the public, could stop the waste of millions, if naval expenditures were made as are those of a private, honestly managed corporation. Nowhere else is there a greater opportunity for making savings, except in the War Department, where the waste is going on at an even greater rate, but where there has been no real head since Mr. Root resigned.

TOLSTOY.

There was something heroic, if painful, in the thought of an old man like Count Tolstoy, leaving his home and family and setting out on a lonely pilgrimage, in revolt against a civilization he had so often denounced and in search of peace for his soul. The rest he desired came to him in the form of death, early Sunday morning, in a hut at the railway flag station of Astapova. His wife and other members of the family had been summoned, and there were six physicians in attendance. His last articulate words were in singular harmony with his life: "There are millions of people in the world and many of them are suffering. Why then are you all around the bed of one sick man?"

Count Lyeff Nikolaevitch Tolstoy was born at Yasnaya Polyana on August 28 (September 9), 1828. His father was a retired colonel who had taken part in the campaign of 1812-13, and was descended in a direct line from Peter Andreevitch Tolstoy, one of Peter the Great's co-laborers in reform. His mother, Princess Marya Nikolaevna Volkonsky, died before he was two years old, and he, his sister, and brothers, were looked after for several years by a distant relative. Their educational advantages were meagre; German governors and Russian theological students succeeded each other frequently as instructors, and none of them remained long. In 1843, Lyeff Nikolaevitch entered the course of Oriental languages in the Kazan University, remained one year, changed to the law course, to which he adhered two years, and was preparing to go into the third course when his brothers passed their final examination. When they set out for the country, he left the university without completing his studies. Yasnaya Polyana had fallen to his share in the division of the estate; thither went the eighteen-year-old boy, and there he dwelt almost uninterruptedly until 1851, only occasionally paying a visit to Petersburg or Moscow. It is not known whether he wrote during this period, or what was the fate of his first efforts.

The desire to be with his brother and to see the country lauded by Russian poets led him in 1851 to the Caucasus, where he entered the service as non-commissioned officer in his brother's battery. Here he began to write in romantic form. It is a generally accepted belief that "Childhood, Boyhood, Youth," of which the first section was completed and sent to the *Contemporary* in 1852, was intended to serve as the beginning of a great romance drawn from family memoirs and traditions. The second part was also written in the Caucasus, as well as the series of sketches of Caucasian military life entitled "The Incursion," "Cutting Wood," and the novel "The Cossacks," which was printed much later.

Tolstoy's literary talent soon became fully defined, and his fame was established in the most cultivated circles of the Russian public. The young author occupied an honorable place in the group of favorite authors of the sixties along with Turgeneff, Gontcharoff, Ostrovsky, Grigorovitch, and Pisemisky. New ideas were seething everywhere. Lyeff Nikolaevitch, who had lived close to the people from his early youth, understood clearly his own sphere of activity. It must not be supposed, however, that he introduced the peasant into literature. Grigorovitch was the first to write tales of peasant life in 1847; Turgeneff, Tolstoy, and others merely followed in his popular footsteps.

After the emancipation of the serfs, Tolstoy was one of the few Russian proprietors who decided to settle permanently on their estates. He was for a time one of the arbiters between the proprietors and the peasants, occupied himself zealously with the schools for the people, and issued an original pedagogical journal, *Yasnaya Polyana.* In this he began to utter his views, derived from observation and experience;

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and to formulate his ideas on the necessity of educating the people, and on the sort of education which was adapted to them. He also ventured to express serious doubts as to what is generally called culture (in the largest sense), civilization, and progress. In view of the wide interest which his utterances on these subjects have attracted in recent years, it is important to bear in mind the early development of the ideas which have been falsely regarded as novel. In reality, they belong to this epoch of Russia, and are not especially of Tolstoy's invention.

In 1862, Count Tolstoy married Sophia Andreevna Bers, the daughter of a doctor, born in Moscow; devoted himself to family life, which had always been his ideal, and became more absorbed than ever in his rural idyl. His moral life previous to this time has been outlined by himself in his "Confession." For many years nothing from his pen appeared, until the end of the sixties, when "War and Peace" was begun in the *Russian Messenger*. From the very first moment it occupied a place of peculiar prominence such as nothing except Pushkin's works had ever attained in the Russian literary world. One of the most remarkable points about it was the sudden revelation of the author's ability to depict women. Up to this time no well-delineated female characters had entered into his works; and here, on a sudden, a whole constellation of women, wonderfully delicate and true to life, flashed upon the reader's vision.

In 1875, "Anna Karenina" was begun, also in the *Russian Messenger*. After some years, during which he wrote "What to Do?" "Ivan Ilitch," and a number of brief stories with moral aim —which occasionally err by containing two conflicting lessons—intended for the cheap, popular library, he added some belated pedagogical matter, and issued a twelfth volume of his collected works. Since then he has written a dramatical work, "The Realm of Darkness," artstic but revolting, whose moral was wrongly construed by the peasants for whose edification it was composed; a comedy ridiculing spiritualism, called "The Fruits of Civilization"; a study from the early Christian era inculcating brotherly and sisterly love instead of passion as the true foundation for marriage, entitled "Walk in the Light"—published in English under the title of "Out of Darkness into Sunlight" —the "Kreutzer Sonata," which preaches celibacy and the extermination of the human race; "What is Art," wherein he sums up the dicta of numerous previous writers, and his own observations, and arrives at the general conclusion that "art for art's sake"—all art, in fact—is immoral and indefensible; "Resurrection," and a number of articles on social, religious, and political topics, many of which were sent direct to foreign journals for publication. These propagandist articles do not represent any essentially new idea, being, in the main, merely repetitions of his arraignment of Church, State, and all the universally accepted institutions of modern civilization, such as law courts, factories, and so forth.

It is safe to assert that Count Tolstoy's permanent place in literature at home, and more particularly abroad, will rest upon his two great novels, "War and Peace" and "Anna Karenina." In them the peculiar power of Russians to visualize a situation and to express the passionate instincts of the human heart reach their consummation. Count Tolstoy passed but little time abroad. Yet there is an international, a universal, rather than a strictly Russian quality about his best work, in spite of its absolute fidelity to the details of local life. The force of this point is best brought out by a comparison. Turgeneff spent a great part of his adult life abroad. Though surrounded by foreign atmosphere, that atmosphere never invaded his novels. He evidently remained to the day of his death a Russian pure and simple. His characters are Slav to the very marrow. His style has the brilliance and play of light of a jewel. There are few artistic and intellectual treats as delicate as that offered by the perusal of one of those severely condensed novels, which would fill thrice the space of Tolstoy's if elaborated on Tolstoy's plan; which are clothed in language that has not a superfluous syllable and that cuts like a knife. Down to the present day, he can be thoroughly appreciated only by those persons who are well versed in the finer points of the Russian tongue and Russian nature, and who can read between the lines in these productions, each of which evoked a cry and a protest from the Russians, whose tender points had been mercilessly laid bare. Tolstoy, on the other hand, had a mind of composite architecture: on one side Byzantine, on the other Renaissance. His personages are cosmopolitan to such a degree that they can be readily understood by foreigners who possess no knowledge of the language, country, or people. Anna Karenina is as true a world-type as Becky Sharp. Tolstoy's style in descriptive passages is often rugged and tautological. His effects are gained in spite of it. One never re-reads a phrase of his for its artistic beauty, as one does constantly in the case of Turgeneff.

Of Tolstoy's religio-dogmatic works it is difficult to speak justly with either frankness or reserve. That his paradoxes and contradictions are susceptible of a very simple explanation, the public must be content to accept as a fact, as it must also accept the statement that he was never crazy, despite the apparently aimless arguments of "Life," the apparently inexplicable character of the "Kreutzer Sonata" and its publication. His religious essays have comparatively little literary or philosophical value, and their moral value is equal to that of innumerable similar attempts, in many ages and lands, to induce the complicated society of to-day to beat a retreat to the utterly different conditions of primitive Christianity. We may safely assume that the permanent value of his "propaganda" (as the Russians call it) lies strictly in its softening influence upon occasional individual souls.

And his political and artistic notions were like his religious theories, were indeed in no wise separable from the latter. As Prince Kropotkin said, in a lecture delivered in the course of a visit to America, Tolstoy was at heart an anarchist. He preached a return to the Gospel; as a matter of fact, he forgot that the Gospel, in its naked simplicity, was devised for a remnant and not for a civilization. His real inspiration was Rousseau's doctrine of a return to nature, carried out in his mind to an extreme which Rousseau never contemplated. So to him the only criterion of art was the taste of the uneducated peasant, and in some of his own later works, he unfortunately tried to cater to that taste in its most brutalized form. By precept and example, he set out to show that the world could be made over by purity and brotherhood. But even among his own countrymen, his teachings fell on deaf ears. The very classes to which he especially appealed showed the least signs of heeding him. He could have spared their overflowing affection for him if they had only shown an intention of doing the things he said. It was followers his soul craved, yet followers he can scarcely be said to have had. For a time, indeed, there were groups of those who took up with the method of life which Tolstoy preached—"Tolstovtsi," they called themselves. Their coming into existence greatly heartened Tolstoy. He rubbed his hands and said: "My fire must be real if it sets others aflame!" But there was no permanent blaze. The temporary enthusiasm died out, until, as Madame Witte wrote, "There are no longer any fraternal colonies in Russia, nor are there Tolstovtsi. Only one remained—Tolstoy himself."

Tolstoy has been called a prophet. So cool a head as Anatole France declares to-day that Tolstoy is entitled to rank as "one of the prophets of the new era." This is because of his burning hatred of war, his unceasing struggle for the amelioration of society, and his passionate holding up of an ideal of humanity. When his particular message has been forgotten, he will be remembered as one of the great figures to whom otherworldly truth, as he saw it, was more real than all the rest of life. That inspiration is not a little thing. The world is not easily deceived about a great man.

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It knows one when it sees him. And the universal feeling about the passing of Leo Tolstoy is of such a nature and depth as to place the spiritual greatness of the man beyond all narrow questioning.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

Late in 1839, though dated 1840 on the title-page, Lea & Blanchard published in Philadelphia the "Tales of the Grotesque and Arabesque," by Edgar Allan Poe. This, Professor Harrison has called "the most original volume of short stories ever published." The collection, in fact, made two volumes, and included twenty-five tales, among them some of Poe's greatest work. It is said that only seven hundred and fifty copies were printed. In June, 1841, Poe was writing to Dr. Snodgrass of Baltimore:

Touching my Tales you will scarcely believe me when I tell you that I am ignorant of their fate, and have never spoken to the publishers concerning them since the day of their issue. I have cause to think, however, that the edition was exhausted almost immediately.

On August 13, 1841, Poe was suggesting a new edition to Lea & Blanchard in a letter the original of which is in the Drexel Institute collection in Philadelphia:

I wish to publish a new collection of my prose Tales with some such title as this: "The Prose Tales of Edgar A. Poe, Including 'The Murders in the Rue Morgue,' the 'Descent into the Maelstrom,' and all his later pieces, with a second edition of the 'Tales of the Grotesque and Arabesque.'" The latter pieces will be eight in number, making the entire collection thirty-three—which would occupy two thick novel volumes.

I am anxious that your firm should continue to be my publishers, and, if you would be willing to bring out the book, I should be glad to accept the terms which they allowed me before—that is—you receive all profits, and allow me twenty copies for distribution to friends.

His publishers replied as follows:

In answer we very much regret to say that the state of affairs is such as to give little encouragement to new undertakings. As yet we have not got through the edition of the other work and up to this time it has not returned to us the expense of its publication.

This new edition was begun in 1843 by another publisher, William H. Graham. It was to be, as the cover stated, a "Uniform Serial Edition. Each number complete in itself." But only No. 1 was ever issued. This contained two stories, "The Murders in the Rue Morgue" and "The Man that Was Used Up." The publication price was 12½ cents, but a copy (lacking back cover) sold at the Frank Maier sale just a year ago for $3,800.

Meanwhile, Charles Dickens in his first visit to America in 1842 had met Poe, and on his return home undertook to find an English publisher for an edition of the "Tales." A few months after his return, that is, on November 27, 1842, Dickens wrote to Poe:

I should have forwarded you the accompanying letter from Mr. Moxon before now, but that I have delayed doing so in the hope that some other channel for the publication of our book on this side of the water would present itself to me. I am, however, unable to report any success. I have mentioned it to publishers with whom I have influence; but they have, one and all, declined the venture. And the only consolation I can give you is that I do not believe any collection of detached pieces by an unknown writer, even though he were an Englishman, would be at all likely to find a publisher in this metropolis just now.

From the above letter we might have surmised that Poe had prepared a corrected copy of his "Tales of the Grotesque and Arabesque," with additions, perhaps, for Dickens to submit to the English publishers. This, heretofore, has been surmise only, but now the book has come to light (at least the first volume has), and has been acquired by Stephen H. Wakeman of this city, adding another jewel to his wonderful Poe collection.

This book is a copy of the first volume of the Philadelphia, 1840, "Tales of the Grotesque and Arabesque" with title and preliminary matter removed. Inserted is a new manuscript title in Poe's autograph: "Phantasy—Pieces | by | Edgar Allan Poe. | (Including all the author's late tales with | a new edition of the 'Grotesque and Arabesque')." This is followed by a three-line quotation from Goethe, which had appeared on the title-page of the Philadelphia book:

Seltsamen tochter Jovis,
Seinem schosskinde
Der Phantasie.

Below this is "Three Volumes," the "Three" marked out and "Two" written above. Pasted on the back of this title-page is a manuscript list headed "Contents" and including thirty-six titles with two others marked out. On the margin is the inscription "To Printer—In printing the Tales preserve the order of the Table of Contents." The old heading at the top of the first page of text is marked out and a new one, "Phantasy-Pieces," is written above.

Poe, as is well known, was always revising his writings and, with a very few exceptions, there are autograph manuscript alterations and corrections on every page of the volume. Some of these are merely changes in punctuation, but many others are of textual importance. In the headlines of "The Fall of the House of Usher" the first three words are marked out at the top of every page. The title of "The Signora Zenobia" is changed to "How to Write a Blackwood Article," and that of "The Scythe of Time" to "A Predicament." Six lines in "The Signora Zenobia" are marked out and twelve new lines in manuscript are on a slip, pasted in, with this note: "To Printer—Substitute this for what is marked out in pencil." Professor Harrison, in his edition of Poe's Works, the latest and best edition, gives a variorum of all traceable forms of the Tales, but he did not have access to the present volume. Most of them appeared first in some periodical, then in the "Tales of the Grotesque and Arabesque" in 1840, next in the volume "Tales" published by Wiley and Putnam in 1845, and finally in the *Broadway Journal*, of which Poe was editor in the same year. A few only, however, made all four appearances. The manuscript variations in this Dickens copy have apparently never been utilized by any editor and seem to be in part unprinted, though some of the changes were adopted in the 1845 volume or in the *Broadway Journal*. Numerous examples might be quoted but space permits the citation of a few only.

The second tale in the volume, "Lionizing," was first printed in the *Southern Literary Messenger* in 1835. When reprinted in 1840 the changes, though numerous, were not important. In 1845 it was virtually rewritten. In 1835 and 1840 the name of the narrator is given as "Thomas Smith." This is altered to "John Smith" throughout, in the Dickens volume, and was changed to "Robert Jones" in 1845. At the end of the tale "William Wilson" the phrase "it appeared to me" is expanded in manuscript to "(so at first it appeared to me in my confusion)." In the *Broadway Journal* the additional words occur but "appeared" was altered to "seemed." On the same page "Not a line" is expanded to "Not a thread in all the raiment—not a line," etc. This also was used in the *Broadway Journal* but "the raiment" becomes "his raiment." Altogether this is perhaps the most interesting of the several Poe items which have been unearthed in recent years.

Correspondence.

THE PRIZES OF SCHOLARSHIP.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Your editorial on Scholarship and Athletics goes too far, it seems to me, in laying so much stress on the advantages of "the mere elimination of a multitude of minor topics from the curriculum." While it is doubtless true that many minor topics are offered for the sake of appearances by men who have no particular interest in teaching them, it frequently happens that a teacher is at his best in the minor course which appeals to him most. Personally, I do not believe that the elimination of the possibility of teaching subjects which appeal strongly to the individual teacher would do anything toward "bringing back into our faculties men, who, by their intellect and personality, command admiration." In the old days, when there were far fewer topics, and when every one was obliged to take the standard courses in Greek, Latin, and mathematics, the proportion of teachers who commanded a following by reason of their intellect and personality was not any greater than it is to-day, if, indeed, it was as large.

It seems to me that the difficulty is not so much with the number of courses—distinguished foreigners to the contrary notwithstanding—as with the kind of questions we ask. It has been my experience that the majority of examiners and quiz masters ask questions which depend more on the student's ability to memorize than on his ability to think. The average teacher lays more stress on memory than on intellect. Some teachers have a positive dislike of allowing a student to get credit for inherited cleverness. To their minds the patient drudge who will work three hours on a lesson, is more to be admired than the clever fellow who can write as good a paper after only an hour of work. The questions they ask are frequently aimed at eliminating the possibility of a man's getting through on his cleverness. Many of us have too much of the old-fashioned schoolmaster's idea that the principal thing for us to do is to make the students work.

Now the athletic coach, for whose mental equipment you say the student has so much respect, is not primarily interested in mak-

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ing his men work. He is after results, and it is by results, not by the amount of work they do, that his men are judged. Many a student would willingly run ten extra miles if that would secure him the privilege of wearing the coveted initial. But under our present system the average student cannot make an athletic team, no matter how hard he tries, unless he has an unusually good physical equipment. On the other hand, he can make the first division in his class, even if he has not a specially clever brain, provided only he is willing to spend enough hours memorizing his lessons.

It hardly needs to be added that a born athlete who will not train, and who shirks his work, generally fails of recognition. I would not have it thought that I am in favor of rewarding any student who depends on sheer cleverness. I do think, however, that we ought to make it just as possible for the clever student, who is willing to work, to excel the mere drudge, as it is for the born athlete to surpass the ordinary man who is willing to spend more hours in training.

I believe that the trouble lies in the type of questions usually asked. The bane of our present college teaching is the frequency of questions beginning with "what" and "who," and the infrequency of those beginning with "why" and "how." Of course, such questions are harder to make out, harder to answer, and harder to mark than those designed to see whether the student can give back what he has heard the instructor say, or has read in the text-book. But my own experience has been that the results are correspondingly far more satisfactory.

Furthermore, if the instructor would beforehand give out a number of such questions from which he proposed to select one to be used in the daily or weekly test, he would eliminate very largely that element of chance which so many students feel is indissolubly connected with academic work. The average student, "trusting to luck" that he may get a question that he can answer, knows that the instructor will not be likely to ask any question on which a student who has read the lesson over once, carefully, cannot do moderately well, and is naturally disinclined to undertake more than the minimum amount of mental effort. If he knows beforehand, however, that there is to be no luck about it, and that he is perfectly sure to get one of half a dozen previously assigned problems, he is usually willing to take time to stop and think on those questions; provided, of course, that they have been worded in such a manner as to require thought, and not simply memory. This works particularly well when, as one result of his work, his name appears among the elect, those chosen because they have brains and know how to use them.

This leads to one more suggestion. I have come to believe sincerely in the efficacy of introducing the element of competition into scholarship, as has been so forcefully indicated by President Lowell, and is practised at West Point. I have tried the plan of posting after every written exercise a list of the class in the order of excellence, but without confusing the matter by announcing marks. The football coach does not give out percentages, but publishes a list of successful candidates, or assigns places on the first and second team. Some teachers say that it is childish to revert to anything resembling the old "spelling bee' methods. On the other hand, I have found that the posting of this list appeals to just that type of student who is normally only too well satisfied with the mark of "C," the "gentleman's grade." He dislikes to have it known that in answering questions requiring ideas, and ability to express them, he is behind his fellows. Correspondingly he enjoys being at or near the top of such a list. Furthermore, once let it be clearly understood that the list is based on the assumption that a man's ideas are his own and you eliminate the difficulty of "printed notes" and outside "seminars."

There still remains to be mentioned that old story, the tremendous influence of home atmosphere on a student's scholastic activities. So long as father and mother, and brothers and sisters, are more proud of seeing their hero wear an "H," a "Y," or a "P," than a Φ. B. K. key, just so long will our students strive more in athletics than in scholarship. And yet I must believe that if we made the key stand more for real intellectual power and less for mere faithful drudgery, the day would come when the average father would be more delighted to welcome to his office a son who could wear a key than one who could only wear an initial. HIRAM BINGHAM.

Yale University, November 12.

A FOOTNOTE TO "RICHARD FEVEREL."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Has it been observed that, in the 1862 volume of poems, "Modern Love," etc., Meredith gives us a poetical footnote to "Richard Feverel"? The poem entitled "Phantasy," though deservedly passed without comment by the critics of Meredith's art, is nevertheless not without interest to students of his thought. First printed (in *Once a Week*) two years after the publication of "Richard Feverel," it makes allusion to the "wise youth," and presents in theme and doctrine a curious parallel to the first of Meredith's novels. The poem relates the dream of a man who has deserted his "village lily"—whom he holds cheap, "and the dream around her idle"—for a trip abroad with "cynical Adrian." The bells of Bruges, a ballet-dancer, and the want of his village lily unite to produce a vision grotesque and fantastic enough for a Gothic romancer. The dreamer falls a victim to a delicious but unholy sisterhood, who are dragging him down to watery depths of perdition. He is saved only by an appeal to the village lily:

Save me! save me! for now I know
The powers that Nature gave me,
And the value of honest love I know:—
My village lily! save me!

Come 'twixt me and the sisterhood,
While the passion-born phantoms are fleeing!
Oh, he that is true to flesh and blood,
Is true to his own being!

And he that is false to flesh and blood,
Is false to the star within him:
And the mad and hungry sisterhood
All under the tides shall win him!

If it were not for the mention of Adrian, we might overlook the reminders of "Richard Feverel." But with that to start us, we are inclined to carry through the parallel: the village lily suggests Lucy; the "passionate Wili" suggests Mrs. Mount; and the trip with Adrian reminds us of Richard's enforced absence from his young bride. The cynical Adrian represents, perhaps, an attitude towards love abhorrent equally to sentiment and physiology. As in the novel, outraged nature will have its revenge, if only in a dream. We recognize the keynote of all Meredith's work in the magnifying of nature; and especially we have an anticipation of the praise of honest Aphrodite, sung more at length in the "Reading of Life." The early poem gives such an impression of juvenility that one would like to regard it as a preliminary sketch on the theme of the novel; such an hypothesis, at any rate, would make the poem no less significant a commentary on the novel. JOSEPH WARREN BEACH.

University of Minnesota, November 15.

THE LIFE OF ALEXANDER HAMILTON.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your last issue, in noticing my life of my grandfather, you criticise me for using the word *lâches* in reference to the weaknesses of Hamilton and his contemporaries. My use of this term does not imply the severe censure you suggest. In looking over my dictionaries, which include the Century, Webster's, Worcester's, and March's Thesaurus, I find it defined as "laxness," "remissness," "slackness," and "non-observance," and derived from *lâcher*, which Spiers and Surennes, Gasc and others, define as "to slacken," "to let slip," "to unbend." I really cannot see how it can be confused with anything else, although there is a French substantive meaning "a coward," "a poltroon"—which seems to be, to put it mildly, quite out of place in characterizing Hamilton.

As the word I employed is so commonly made use of by intelligent people in the way I apply it, your objections seem to savor slightly of hypercriticism.

ALLAN MCLANE HAMILTON.

New York, November 16.

[Dr. Hamilton's note confirms our suspicion that he did not intend to use a word so severe and insulting as *lâche*.—ED. NATION.]

GLADSTONE ON THE CONSTITUTION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: At last a book has been published on the American government which does not call attention to the fact that Gladstone referred to the Federal Constitution as "the most wonderful work ever struck off at a given time by the brain and purpose of man." Among the excellencies of Prof. Charles E. Beard's "American Government and Politics" is the omission of this statement. He would naturally have put it in the first paragraph of page 45. One is a little surprised to find Prof. A. B. Hart in this year's edition of his "Actual Government" repeating the quotation and adding: "Mr. Gladstone was mistaken; the Federal Constitution was not a creation." This is said, with perfect seriousness, as if anybody supposed that Mr. Gladstone thought the convention of 1787 had gone up into a mountain and received the Constitution written on tables of stone, with no basis whatever in human experience. How long is this fossil, with its foolish gloss based on Mr. Gladstone's supposed ignorance, going to cumber the books on civics? EDGAR DAWSON.

New York, November 17.

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PROBABILISM AND THE JESUITS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In the *Nation* of October 27, "J. R. S." writes a letter about "Probabilism," almost every paragraph of which contains an error or a fallacy.

(1.) He intimates that Newman's Tract xc should have had weight in determining the validity of his orders; whereas, the orders of a priest do not depend upon his belief, but upon the manner of his ordination.

(2.) He criticises Rome for waiting until Duchesne's history was translated into Italian before condemning it. But the Congregation of the Index, as is well known, does not condemn *instanter* every heretical work; and it was because Duchesne's book had sufficient importance to be put into Italian that it was placed on the list of forbidden publications.

(3.) Whatever may be thought of Liguori's opinions, it is quite certain that the Society of Jesus has never made itself responsible for them. The Pope may have approved them, but the Jesuits would be bound only by the Pope's *ex cathedra* utterances. Otherwise they might be supposed to approve of certain former Papal decrees against their order. Only declarations permitted or approved by the general of "the company" can be taken as declarations of the Jesuits themselves.

(4.) "J. R. S." remarks: "No doubt Tyrrell would have lived and died a Jesuit if left alone." This is simply to say that if the general of the Jesuits had not discovered Tyrrell's heresy, he would not have punished that heresy.

(5.) To say, as "J. R. S." does, that "by a deft use of probabilism nearly everything is condoned," amounts to a perversion of the doctrine. A "deft" use of Bishop Butler's argument from analogy might lead to an equally unhappy result.

(6.) The authority of Brownson, "the greatest of all American Catholic writers" (*sic*), can hardly be sufficient to prove that the French Revolution is to be laid "at the door of the Jesuits." A. A.

Neuchâtel, Switzerland, November 5.

THE NOSE IN POETRY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Should it not be noted that the nose is described in English poetry, as well as in that of America, India, and Greece?

In our older poetry, Chaucer alone has at least eleven noses! Of the six feminine ones, that of the Prioress was a "nose tretys"; Hate's was "snorted up for tine;" Beauty's "wel wrought"; Idylnesse had one of "good proporsioun," while that of Fraunchise

> . . . was wrought at poynt devys
> For it was gentyl and tretys.

Despairing of doing justice to the nose of Gladnesse the poet says:

> I not what of hir nose descryve
> So faire hath no womman alyve.

The men's noses are also worth mentioning. Sir Thopas "hadde a semely nose." Myrthe's nose was "by measure wrought ful right," while that of Daungere was "frounced," and "full kirked stoode." The miller of the "Reeve's Tale" had a "camuse nose," and in the "Prologue" the millers's nose is very carefully, if somewhat unpleasantly, described thus:

> Upon the cop right of his nose he hade
> A werte, and thereon stood a tuft of heres,
> Reed as the bristles of a sowes erys;
> His nosethirles blake were and wyde.

Chaucer even thought it worth while to consider that the shape of the nose might be hereditary and gives the daughter in the "Reeve's Tale" a "camuse" nose just like her father's.

A little later than Chaucer, the poet Stephen Hawes describes a lady's nose as "straight and fayre."

Nor is the nose entirely neglected by our modern poets. The very 'flower" of all noses in English poetry, a nose right under everybody's nose, is that of the petulant maiden in Tennyson's "Gareth and Lynette," of whom it is so poetically and tactfully said

> . . . and lightly was her slender nose
> Tip-tilted like the petal of a flower.

Margretta Martin.

Mount Holyoke College, November 19.

EXCAVATING THE CATACOMBS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Your reviewer of Wilpert's latest book ("Die Papstgräber"; see the *Nation*, October 6) expresses the wish that further excavating may be made in the Roman Catacombs. That is indeed devoutly to be hoped, but money is lacking. Why should not an international fund for excavating the Catacombs be raised by some great university in your country? Subscribers would easily be found in all parts of the world. Of course, the excavating should be directed by the Papal archæologists; there can be no question of creating an international committee for that purpose. But the principles of scientific excavation are now so well known and so generally applied, that no intellectual assistance need be offered to scholars like Wilpert and Marucchi, who are surrounded by some very promising pupils. The only help needed is money. The Christian and Jewish Catacombs of Rome have been, to a certain extent, the cradle of modern thought, and of modern morals; would it not be paying a debt if the modern world, without exception of creed, belief, or unbelief, were to help towards exploring them completely? About two-thirds of the work remains to be done.

Salomon Reinach.

Paris, November 6.

COLLEGE GRADUATES.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I have just received a pamphlet advertising "The Health and Efficiency League of America," with headquarters in Battle Creek, Mich. On the first page setting forth its origin and aims, there appears in a prominent place the statement, "The small proportion of college graduates who succeed in any profession is notorious." It is surprising that a statement so wholly unwarranted could be countenanced by an organization boasting a distinguished array of officers. According to the statistics given by "Who's Who," 1910, more than 60 per cent. of the professional men listed are college graduates, and these figures would be increased to more than 70 per cent. if the names of those were included who attended college but did not graduate. The statement is all the more astonishing in view of the percentage of college graduates the Health League itself has honored by election to official position in the organization. Its list of vice-presidents, counsellors, and executive committee is composed of the names of twenty-one men. Seventeen of these names appear in "Who's Who." Of these seventeen names, eleven are college graduates, one attended college two years, four graduated from medical colleges, and only one never attended a college of any kind. It is to be regretted that so misleading a statement against college efficiency should be distributed broadcast into the homes of the land.

T. Lindsey Blayney.

Central University of Kentucky, November 12.

Literature.

THE AUTHOR OF "VATHEK."

The Life and Letters of William Beckford of Fonthill. By Lewis Melville. New York: Duffield & Co. $3.50 net.

Beckford's letters now first given to the public are not intrinsically very interesting, and the editor has lessened their value as a document by faulty transcriptions and by omissions and confusions so glaring that the perusal of his volume leaves one in a state of irritation. And besides these minor errors of editing, Mr. Melville, where he adds his own comment, has, we are obliged to think, utterly misrepresented Beckford's character and ignored what Beckford really stood for. To read Mr. Melville one would never suspect that Beckford in his strength and more particularly in his weakness was one of the most characteristic products of the romantic movement. Yet not only do his early letters fairly teem with the influences of Rousseau and "Werther" and Ossian and Chateaubriand, but he had the courage and the means to carry into practice what other men were only dreaming, and thus to become more even in his life than in his famous romance of "Vathek" a symbol of the glowing fierce aspirations and the final spiritual bankruptcy of the new generation.

William Beckford was born at Fonthill-Gifford in Wiltshire, October 1, 1760. His father, Alderman and twice Lord Mayor of London, the celebrated radical and friend of Wilkes, had inherited an enormous estate in Jamaica. By his first wife, he had a stepdaughter, Elizabeth March, afterwards Mrs. Hervey, who wrote some foolish, sentimental novels which her half-brother William lauded as a boy and caricatured in his "Azemia" as a man. The Alderman's second wife, the mother of William, belonged to the Abercorn branch of the Hamilton family. One of his brothers, William's uncle Julines, had a son

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Peter, who married in 1773 Lousia Pitt, second daughter of Lord Rivers. For Mrs. Peter Beckford and her sister (apparently Marcia-Lucy), William had a profound and enigmatical attachment. At the age of ten, the boy lost his father and fell largely under the influence of his mother. Instead of undergoing the wholesome discipline of public school and university, he was, by the advice of his godfather, Lord Chatham, placed under the tutelage of the Rev. John Lettice, who seems, indeed, to have been a scholarly and sensible man, but who at least was unable to drag his charge out of the fantastic dream-world into which he had fallen.

When seventeen, William went with his "bear-leader" to Geneva, to continue his studies. From here, we have the first of his letters, some of them addressed to Mrs. Elizabeth Hervey, others apparently to the same person, although for some reason the superscription is omitted. The tone of these letters is of a frantic extravagance that might remind one of a sort of hybrid of Ossian and Rousseau, both a little mad. At the end of 1778, Beckford was back in England pouring out his youthful revolt in letters from Fonthill: "I will seclude myself if possible from the world, in the midst of the Empire, and converse many hours every day with you, Mesron and Nouronihar"; and satisfying his ambition by writing his first book, "Biographical Memoirs of Extraordinary Painters," which, for the benefit of the housekeeper who showed strangers through the galleries of Fonthill, attributed the pictures to such artists as Og of Basan, Watersouchy of Amsterdam, Herr Sucrewasser of Vienna, and the like. Mr. Melville seems to see a contradiction in this union of sentiment and burlesque in the same mind; they are, in fact, but different aspects of the romantic desire to escape from reality, and have often gone together, from the days of the double theme in Spanish drama to the magnificent audacities of "Don Juan."

After a year and a half William made the grand tour with his tutor, and in May of 1782 went abroad for the third time, travelling now with all the luxurious state that befitted the richest commoner of England. Some time in the interval between his second and third journeys, he had met at Bath Lady Margaret Gordon, with whom he fell in love, and whom he married May 5, 1783, coming back to England for this purpose. Two children were born to them; but after a union of three years his wife died, and the children, seeming, so far as the letters indicate, to have passed quite out of his mind, were placed under the charge of his mother; while he himself was hurried about Europe by his friends who, according to his biographer, were "fearful of his losing his reason or taking his life." Mr. Melville asserts that "the marriage had been an ideal union," and thinks that the memory of Beckford's loss, "acting upon an emotional nature, may have had more to do with his subsequent retirement than is generally supposed." It may be so; yet such practical endurance of grief scarcely accords with the romantic temperament as one reads the annals of those days; and indeed there is an aspect of this whole affair which is unpleasantly suggestive, but which cannot be entirely overlooked, as Mr. Melville overlooks it, without a gross misrepresentation of what Beckford stood for to his contemporaries.

Before he had met Lady Margaret and during his courtship he was writing letters filled with disquieting confessions. Especially there is a series of letters to Mrs. Peter Beckford which are filled with allusions to a thoroughly unwholesome mixture of passions which exhales the unclean atmosphere of the Schlegels and their sentimental circle. These letters are sometimes obscure, and the editor gives no help to their interpretation—rather, his story of Beckford's life is incompatible with them as they stand. Of the still uglier rumors about Beckford, which, as readers of Byron know, formed the real legend of his life, it would be desirable perhaps to say nothing. Mr. Melville declares categorically that there is not a particle of evidence to support them, and dismisses them as preposterous. Yet he himself admits that Beckford's "Dreams, Waking Thoughts, and Incidents," printed at this time, was withdrawn from circulation probably because its romantic tendency might give some color to the noxious scandals. Some of the evidence he deliberately suppresses. Thus he quotes Rogers's vivid description of a visit to Fonthill, when Beckford read to the younger man the episodes intended for "Vathek," but never published. He does not add the comment of Rogers: "They are extremely fine, but very objectionable, on account of their subjects. Indeed, they show that the mind of the author was, to a certain degree, diseased."

One of the reasons for Beckford's return to England, in 1781, from the grand tour was that he might celebrate his coming of age in a manner befitting the fame of Fonthill. The festivities, which lasted for a week, followed the usual custom of the day, and might be dismissed with a word, were it not that they seem to have been one of the influences that governed the rest of his life. "My spirits are not sufficiently rampant," he writes to Lady Hamilton, "to describe the tumult of balls, concerts, and illuminations in which we were engaged here a fortnight ago. . . . On the desert down which terminates the woody region of Fonthill blazed a series of fires. . . . On the left of the house rises a lofty steep mantled with tall oaks amongst which a temple of truly classical design discovers itself. This building (sacred to the Lares) presented a continued glow of saffron-colored flame, and the throng assembled before it looked devilish by contrast."

These scenes at Fonthill, ending with the necessary touch of diabolism, sound almost like a chapter of "Vathek," and, indeed, they certainly combined with Beckford's early reading of the "Arabian Nights" and later acquaintance with the Oriental tales then popular in France to inspire that strange book. He himself gave this explanation, late in life, to Cyrus Redding, and declared that the great hall at Fonthill, with its many doors opening into dim corridors, suggested to him the idea of the Hall of Eblis. The old tradition of Beckford's literary performance is well known—how he told Redding, in 1835, that he had written the story at one sitting of three days and two nights, during which time he never took off his clothes. Unfortunately, Beckford's correspondence with the Rev. Samuel Henley, which has since come to light, quite shatters that heroic legend. He was, as a matter of fact, at work on the manuscript at least for a number of months, and was tinkering at it at intervals for about five years. Mr. Melville undertakes to reconcile Beckford's statement with the facts by supposing he had in mind, when he was talking with Redding, not the whole book of "Vathek" as we have it, but merely one of the episodes designed for it, but never printed. That is possible, although, unless the episode was extraordinarily long, the feat becomes rather commonplace; and one or two other lapses in Beckford's memory rouse the suspicion that he was not incapable in his old age of investing his youth with imaginary powers. Beckford wrote the story in French, and to his friend Henley, a scholar of considerable Oriental attainments, was entrusted the task of furnishing notes and of making an English translation. Probably out of impatience over Beckford's dilatoriness, Henley put out an edition of his version, in 1786, with a prefatory note stating that it was translated from the Arabic. Beckford was naturally incensed at this treachery, and immediately, in 1787, published the original French with a reply to Henley's misrepresentation. We have thus the curious fact that one of the classics of our literature was written in a foreign tongue; but the correspondence between Henley and Beckford shows that the latter passed judgment on the English and virtually stamped it as his own.

"Vathek" is probably little read today, and, indeed, a good deal of its extravagant fancy and grotesque humor rings rather flat, after the lapse of

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years. But the book was popular in its time, and is still one of the main documents to any one who wishes to study the sources of the romantic movement. Its theme is the *unendlichkeitsstreben* and *Titanenthum*, the insatiable thirst of experience and the self-torturing egotism, which were beginning to run like wild-fire through the literature of Europe, and which reached their consummation in "Faust." Instead of the mediæval setting of Goethe's poem, Beckford's hero is an Eastern prince at whose feet lie all the pleasures and powers of the world. Being dissatisfied with the magnificence of his predecessors, he adds to his palace five wings in which, like a Des Esseintes of the Orient, he can indulge in the quintessential charms of the five senses. His thirst for knowledge is equal to his appetite for pleasure, "for he wished to know everything, even sciences that did not exist." His power was greater than his knowledge; "when he was angry, one of his eyes became so terrible that no person could bear to behold it, and the wretch upon whom it was fixed instantly fell backward, and sometimes expired." Only one thing the Caliph cannot command in his earthly paradise —content; the stars above his head, as he stands on his tower looking down contemptuously on mankind, are an irritation to his desires and a humiliation to his pride. Then enters the tempter, in the form of a hideous Giaour, who in return for a monstrous crime offers him the possession of the palace of subterranean fire where reposes Soliman Ben Daoud, surrounded by the talismans that control the world. For a space the story is lost in grotesque adventures; but at the end, as Vathek and the Princess Nouronihar approach their goal, the imagination of the author kindles and the sense of foreboding deepens and intensifies step by step, until in the great Hall of Eblis (for to this the promises of the Giaour bring them), at the sight of the vast unresting multitude who roam ceaselessly hither and thither in furious agony or in rapt absorption, heedless of everything about them and forever avoiding one another, each with his right hand pressed upon his heart—the feeling rises to real terror and sublimity. At last the trembling pair are led to the great Soliman, seated aloft, yet with his hand, like the others, pressed upon his heart, and listening intently to the sullen roar of a vast cataract, which was the only sound that intruded on the universal silence. He tells them of his doom, and concludes:

"In consideration of the piety of my early youth, my woes shall come to an end when this cataract shall for ever cease to flow; till then I am in torments, ineffable torments! an unrelenting fire preys on my heart."

Having uttered this exclamation Soliman raised his hands towards Heaven, in token of supplication, and the Caliph discerned through his bosom, which was transparent as crystal, his heart enveloped in flames.

The device of the burning heart Beckford borrowed from a French writer now forgotten, but he has more than made it his own. His genius was fitful and never under control; he was no philosopher or seer, but in this consummation of the undisciplined revolt of romanticism he came closer to the facts of history, and showed a profounder insight into human nature, than Goethe displayed when he resolved Faust's craving for unbridled experience in a rather futile act of sympathy.

And as the Hall of Eblis is a magnified and Orientalized image of Fonthill, so the career of Vathek is a grotesquely conceived symbol of Beckford's own life and of the romantic ideal. This is no place to go into an account of Beckford's rebuilding of Fonthill at an extravagance and with a dæmonic energy which quite bewildered his contemporaries, or to follow him through his loss of fortune and secluded days at Bath. Mr. Melville closes his introductory chapter with the words of Beckford: "I have never known a moment's *ennui*." The saying may be true, but is suspicious. Beckford was indeed of a robust physique, and had the inherited strength of very prosaic and practical forebears. *Ennui* he may have kept at bay until the end by his unceasing activity. But withal it is not easy to read his letters and the story of his insane thirst and haste in building, or to picture his obstinate seclusion from the world in an artificial and barbarously ornate paradise, without remembering the last scene of his allegory of "Vathek."

This at least is certain: One who knows the literary history of that period may be thankful to Mr. Melville for printing these letters, but he will find it difficult to accept the hero whom Mr. Melville pretends to find in them.

CURRENT FICTION.

Tales of Men and Ghosts. By Edith Wharton. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The enervating influence upon our popular story-writers of American magazine "policy" does not decrease with the seasons. One recalls the announcement, made something like a year ago, that Mrs. Wharton had been booked to write a series of ten or a dozen stories "about men." Here they are in the predestined number, capably turned out according to contract. They are ingenious and readable: so much the most doubtful forecaster must have been sure of. But their ingenuity is altogether too patent: they are too clearly trumped up out of the author's fancy; even the doubtful forecaster must have hoped for better things from the writer of "The Valley of Decision" and "The House of Mirth." Her use of the short-story form is not to be complained of, since it is true that she is naturally an interpreter of the episode and the situation, rather than of action upon a large scale. Her latest essay in the novel, "The Fruit of the Tree," resulted in a not very happy patching together of several distinct and obstinately detached episodes. But the book left one with an impression of earnest endeavor, if not of actually lofty achievement. Mrs. Wharton may have enjoyed the writing of these "Tales of Men and Ghosts," but we venture to suppose that her enjoyment was upon the comparatively trivial plane of technical facility.

Not the least puzzling thing about this collection is its uncertainty of style. Two of the stories, "Afterward" and "The Letters," are (rather ineffectively) in her earlier manner—that Anglo-Gallic manner, with its nuances, its compunctions, its hiatuses; which reminds us of Bourget, when it does not go farther and fare worse by reminding us of Henry James. In "The Valley of Decision" this style seemed to have been so thoroughly assimilated by Mrs. Wharton, that one regarded her simply as one of the "psychological" school, as the cant was. Now one almost comes to doubt the spontaneity of that manner, with her. At all events, the rest of the stories here collected show hardly a trace of it. Their style is rather that alert and commonplace style of the magazine fiction of the day as turned out by an army of skilful practitioners.

Max. By Katherine Cecil Thurston. New York: Harper & Bros.

The author of "The Masquerader" has hit upon a kindred motive for her present story. It is a fresher motive than that of the Dromios: a girl who passes herself off as her own twin brother is a new engine of mystification. "Max" is the name taken in vain by a young Russian princess, who, on the eve of marriage, runs away in the disguise of a boy. She is determined to win fame by pencil and brush, in that notorious haunt of genius and nursery of fame, Bohemian Paris. But, first of all, it is her ambition to "possess herself," to remain independent of authority—above all, the authority of love. Of course, there is a man in Paris who is destined to wreck this ambition: an Irishman of the world, nearly middle-aged, who has never really loved. A quick intimacy springs up between this gentleman and the so-called "Max." If that young person's speech and action are correctly reported, it is hard to see how any man of ordinary intelligence could have failed to see through her disguise. But Rosalind so deceived her Orlando, and Portia her Bassanio: if we begin to jib at such situations, we shall have an end

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of romance. He does not suspect, though a hint is given him as to Max's real sex at the very outset. Nevertheless, we are to understand that he is unconsciously attracted to the supposed boy by the charm of sex. Together they loiter innocently through the haunts of Bohemianism. Max takes a studio on the heights of Montmartre, and prepares to produce her masterpiece. She is a genius, but her disturbing relation with the man prevents the free play of her power. This fact does not trouble the reader, since it evidently does not trouble the writer. The studio and the picture-making merely constitute a popular background for the action. Presently she paints a picture of herself as a woman, and the man falls in love with it. She declares that the subject of it is her sister, and that it is impossible for him to meet her. Thereupon ensue roughness and contempt on his part, jealousy on hers, and a very pretty quarrel. There is no need of explaining what happens after this.

The Right Stuff. By Ian Hay. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

The author modestly calls his story "a simple study of human nature," and cautions the reader at the outset that it was originally written for English and Scottish readers, and that the larger public to which it is unexpectedly introduced must be warned that its dialect and its handling of such matters as electioneering and game-shooting have presupposed the British familiar knowledge. Prepared then for the utmost in local quality and in slightness, the reader's resignation gives way to agreeable surprise when he finds a quite sufficiently clever little tale, small certainly, and local certainly. But its humor, sometimes clumping if you will, is at moments thoroughly delightful; and its entire course is without problem or tears. The Scottish versus the English habit of mind is the prevailing joke; of its quality may be given a specimen quotation from an Englishman in the story:

> It is no use arguing with a Scot about Burns. I remember once being nearly dirked at a Caledonian dinner because I ventured to remark that "before ye" was not in my opinion a good rhyme to "Loch Lomond."

Mrs. Fitz. By J. C. Snaith. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co.

Whatever the author's past achievements, in the present story, which is ostensibly one of adventure, he seems to possess no sure instinct and to be distracted from any one purpose. Like many a writer of detective stories, he is carried away, when the progress of events should be his first concern, by the temptation to develop other matters, such as setting and character-study. In the confusion, these, too, are not well done, and the glimpses into the country life of Englishmen of the upper-middle-class are utterly wasted. Be that as it may, the author displays the right sort of ambition for the tale-teller in despising any but a royal situation for the nucleus. He has for his heroine the daughter of King Ferdinand of Illyria, who, to avoid the inevitable Russian grand duke has made a morganatic marriage with a dare-devil Englishman. The peculiar political situation in Illyria makes an enormity of this venture; as Ferdinand's sole heir, the daughter is wanted by the royalists to perpetuate the monarchy—the oldest in Europe—and the Republicans, bent upon killing her, are equally unwilling to let her out of their sight. Between the two, she is sufficiently beset. A rescue from the Illyrian embassy in London; the necessity, when directly appealed to by the divinely rightful Ferdinand, of renouncing her husband and child; and finally, after the Republicans have assassinated the King, an escape on a saddle-bow are the steps to her ultimate happiness.

STATUTORY LAW.

Popular Law Making. By Frederic Jessup Stimson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50 net.

This book attempts to give a summary of the statutory law in the United States on property, and on personal, racial, and political rights; it also reviews the corporation, labor, pure food, and Trust legislation.

The author, while regretting the tendency to pass statutes on every conceivable subject, even when, according to him, it would be covered much better by application of the principles of the common law, recognizes that at the present time, to the average man, "statutes have assumed the main bulk of the concept of law as we formulate it to ourselves." His object, therefore, is to show both what has been accomplished by law-making in the past and what is now being adopted or even proposed, and in this manner to give some idea of the problems of the times which are confronting legislation to-day. Although the primary object, therefore, is to state the law as it is, the book is not merely a dry enumeration. Mr. Stimson undertakes to criticise as well, not hesitating at times to express harsh censure, as when he justly condemns the freakish legislation which so often disgraces our statute books, and the slovenly way in which so many of our laws are drawn.

Not all the views held by the author will, to be sure, meet with assent. His absolute condemnation of the tendency to confer power on commissions and of the regulation and recognition of political parties seems to run counter to the general trend of political opinion. Nor should the Sherman Act be repudiated because it dispenses with a jury and throws upon the court "the burden of determining a complicated and voluminous mass of fact." The very circumstance that the facts to be determined are complicated and voluminous would justify the exclusion of the jury, and our ancestors would not have been shocked at this so much as the author would have us believe. So it may well be doubted (and the decision of the Supreme Court in a celebrated case might be invoked to justify such doubt) whether the maxim that no one shall be compelled to incriminate himself is at the present time of such fundamental importance that its abolition would result in the destruction of our entire social structure. Exception might, also, be taken to the view that the notion of law as a custom is purely Teutonic. Commentators like Savigny and the historical school in general have shown how great a part customary law played in the development of Roman law. In France, up to the time of the promulgation of the Civil Code, the law of a great part of the country was customary in its nature.

The thought which underlies the book and which is expressed on numerous occasions is the necessity of holding fast to the fundamental principles of the common law in regulating the labor and Trust problems, and its great superiority, as to all matters relating to personal and political liberty, to the Continental system. A careful reading of the chapter in which the author reviews the English statutes which preceded the Revolution, and which are part of the common law as it was adopted in this country, will justify the doubt whether this mass of crude and undigested legislation, enacted at a time when social and economic conditions were completely different from those existing now, is as safe a guide for the regulation of our complex business relations as the author thinks.

The same may be said of the great superiority claimed for the common law in matters relating to personal liberty or safeguarding the individual against abuse of power of public officials. The author refers, for instance, to the rule that, under common law, labor contracts can never be specifically enforced, and contrasts this with the law of Continental Europe as he understands it. In the first place, it may be said that, while contracts for personal labor are not specifically enforced, in many cases virtually the same object is attained by enjoining the defendant from working for anybody else. But a complete answer is that the doctrine of specific performance is entirely unknown, at least to French law; that in it the maxim that "nobody can be compelled to do any act" is fundamental, and that damages are the only remedy where any contract is broken.

He refers again and again, in support

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of his view, to the right given by the common law to sue public officials, and claims that such liability is as good as unknown to any other system. The principle is not unknown either in France or Germany, and has been greatly extended in the former country under the present Republican régime. In this country and England such remedy, which is generally of doubtful practical value, is the only one available to the party aggrieved; the state itself cannot be sued, even on its contracts, and is not responsible for the acts of its officials unless there is an express statute to the contrary. This principle has been extended so as to apply to cities or other subordinate political divisions when they act in a governmental capacity. Under this rule a person run over by an ambulance of the Health Department, or injured in an elevator controlled by the Police Department, cannot sue the city, and it is a poor consolation to him to be told that he is at liberty to bring an action against the ambulance driver or the person operating the elevator. The contrary rule prevails under the Continental system. In France, for instance, the state is liable like any other employer, and the only question is whether the action is to be brought before the ordinary or administrative courts. A striking application of this principle occurred recently in Holland, where the owners of gambling houses, which were closed by executive order and without legal process, at once brought an action for damages against the state, and won their suit.

But while we may differ with the author on these and many other points, there can be no question of the value of his work; he certainly has attained his object to make suggestions which will awaken the interest of his readers to the importance of the subject.

In the Footprints of Heine. By Henry James Forman. With illustrations by Walter King Stone. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $2 net.

The charm of this record of a holiday tramp through the Harz depends upon its youthful and ingenuous quality. People were glad to take up with the author. Waiters, innkeepers, and strolling artisans told him ghost and fairy stories. On the top of the Brocken, in lieu of a Walpurgis night, he enjoyed a tolerable substitute in the *kneipe* of a university corps. There also intervened a *Fraülein* with most amiable parents. Mr. Forman's hazards of the road are not exciting in themselves, and he refrains from adding rhetorical allurements to a plain tale. He does you scenery with a certain deftness, but where he is most successful is in enjoying and conveying the sense of that gracious *Gemüthlichkeit* which persists in the unprussianized remnant of old Germany. Those who love this most specific of German qualities will find Mr. Forman an excellent travelling companion, always tactful and quietly humorous, more inclined to hint than to expatiate. Note in this regard the entrance of the Fraülein. A diligence is standing in the inn court of Heiligenstock as the disciple of Heine appears:

> As I was unstrapping my knapsack the lady in the mail-coach suddenly leaned forward to the window, and with that fleeting glance I had of her high-bred, delicate face I experienced the curious sense of vague familiarity we sometimes have on meeting strangers. Either I had seen her or met her before, or something within me leaped to meet her now. But in a moment she was again hidden in the obscurity of the coach. The postillions had finished their repast and with horsehair plumes waving in the breeze they clambered up to the box. The coach was a public conveyance, and going to Klausthal, my destination. I had a quick impulse to take passage in it and thus become the travelling companion of the beautiful lady. But conscience bred of New England education reminded me that my plan was to walk. Consideration for the lady did the rest. The coach rolled away and I remained at the table, like the bridegroom in Lochinvar, dangling "bonnet and plume," and hoping that we might meet again.

If the book labors a little under the burden of its title, it has substantial merits of its own. From the fustian and pretentiousness that infect its *genre* it is refreshingly free.

Interpretations of Horace. By the late William Medley. Edited by John Green Skemp and George Watson Macalpine. New York: Henry Frowde.

Lovers of Horace will enjoy this book and find it profitable. In it, each beautifully printed and followed by a commentary which deserves the name of interpretation it bears, are nineteen of the best odes. There is none of the usual excess baggage of learning that (perhaps necessarily) cumbers text-books of Horace. The author of the interpretations takes for granted the desirable syntactical, linguistic, and other special knowledge, and treats his literature in true humanistic fashion. Each interpretation, after an apt parallel passage or poem, begins with a paragraph in appreciation of the whole, and is then continued in a running exposition consisting sometimes of comment, sometimes of paraphrase, and sometimes of translation, which is everywhere sane, sympathetic, and illuminating. A further quality gives it effect: it is personal interpretation. To use the interpreter's own words: "Much of these informal lectures may be fitly described as the lecturer's thinking aloud with his class." It is full of life and vigor, and makes the reader feel as if he were sitting under a teacher with broad knowledge of the best in life and letters. The interpreter was professor in a denominational college which trains for the ministry, and scriptural parallels are used with fine effect; but his Christianity never interferes with a just appreciation of the pagan poet's most pagan ideas, and the poems here collected range from the Pyrrha ode to *Delicta majorum immeritus lues.* If the Horace of the interpretations is a trifle more dignified and austere than the Horace of popular imagination as fixed by Eugene Field, it is because Horace was really possessed of austerity to the point of being himself something of a preacher, and his interpreter's appreciations are those of a scholarly mind.

A quotation or two from the work will communicate its flavor. The first is from the Pyrrha ode, which is entitled "A Roman Lady Vere de Vere":

> Verses 1-13:
> The tone is given to the picture and the interpretation suggested, sharply and at once, by the first word, *quis,* repeated in the *cui* of verse four. Each word stings: "Who . . . for whom?" There have been many; there will be more; who is it now? Then she descends from her chamber to the *gratum antrum*—not "some pleasant cave," as Milton has it, but the pleasant grotto attached to a lordly house. It is a cool and shady nook, with its statues of Venus, its fountain, and its ferns. *Gratum* it is in itself, but yet more for its sweet associations, in the wooer's mind, with blissful meetings. Here often of late has he been received.

Again, from *Parcus deorum,* entitled "Conversion":

> But see, here is a day serene; the sky is clear, *purum;* no veil of cloud dims the blue vault of heaven.
> Then suddenly the crash from that pure sky, and the flame cleaves the air. . . . To this trembling soul the thunder storm *out of a clear sky is a veritable theophany:*
>
> The voice of the Lord is upon the waters;
> The God of Glory thundereth,
> Even the Lord upon many waters.
> The voice of the Lord is powerful;
> The voice of the Lord is full of majesty.
> The voice of the Lord cleaveth the flames of fire.
>
> It is Jehovah himself who speaks; the thunder is His voice.

It is characteristic of the interpreter that in this poem he sees, not the record of an experience of the poet himself, nor a bit of atheistic banter, but a type of experience—the conversion of an Epicurean.

The character of these interpretations will be better appreciated after a reading of the editor's introduction. William Medley taught for nearly forty years in Rawdon College, an English institution little known this side of the water, and died in November, 1908. The subjects in which he instructed are described as "Logic, Philosophy, Classics, and Introduction to the Study of the New Testament." He wrote much, but published only one work, his Angus Lectures, under the title "Christ the Truth" (1900).

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Among his unprinted writings were interpretations of the "Agamemnon," the "Antigone," the "Alcestis," and the "Medea," and these interpretations of Horace, now published posthumously. He was a man of deep personal quality as well as broad and sound scholarship. Rarely to a dead scholar and teacher is accorded the high and enthusiastic praise here given. The impression left by the introduction adds to and explains that left by the interpretations; one enjoys the disciples' glowing exposition of the teacher's character as much as the teacher's glowing interpretation of Horace, and understands each better for having read the other. The book ought to stimulate good literary teaching and editing of Horace. Naturally, we could not dispense with our learned editions of the ancients; but many a teacher who reads this work of an almost unknown scholar will wish he had included all of Horace.

Time and Free Will: An Essay on the Immediate Data of Consciousness. By Henri Bergson. Authorized translation by F. L. Pogson. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.75 net.

Not the least of the services rendered to Anglo-American philosophy by William James consisted in his employment of his great influence to draw attention to that movement of French thought of which M. Bergson is the best-known representative—a movement having close affinities with James's own doctrines, yet developed in an entirely distinctive way. A school so much talked about at home was doubtless certain, sooner or later, to gain a hearing abroad; but its vogue among us has unquestionably been much accelerated by its finding as one of its earliest champions so eminent a figure and so vigorous a fighter as Professor James. To the interest which he aroused must in large part be ascribed the zeal of publishers this year to bring out translations of Bergson; it appears that all three of this philosopher's principal writings are very soon to be available in English. The present volume is a rendering of the latest edition of Bergson's earliest work, his *thèse de doctorat*, published first in 1889 under the less expressive title of "Essai sur les données immédiates de la conscience." The English title, it is true, indicates the subject-matter of only two of the three chapters composing the volume. But those chapters are the important part of the book; the brief first chapter, on the notion of intensity as applied to mental states, though not unrelated to the principal theme, is rather loosely related, and scarcely essential to the argument. The rest of the volume, dealing with the problem of freedom in the light of the conception of "real duration" as a unique characteristic of inner states, constitutes an extremely lucid presentation of the *idée mère* of Bergson's entire philosophy.

What is called Bergsonism is not entirely a doctrine without recognizable ancestry. The germ of some of it is discernible in an important little book, "De la contingence des lois de la nature," 1874, by Bergson's teacher at the Ecole Normale, Emile Boutroux, who has recently visited America. Some of it also may be found—combined with much else—in the philosophy of a notable French thinker, too little read outside of France, Renouvier, who exercised likewise a considerable influence upon the formation of James's metaphysical ideas. Bergson is very far from merely repeating doctrines of these older contemporaries of his; but he represents the same general tendency of French thought, and part of his work has consisted in developing further certain conceptions found in one, or the other, or in disengaging these conceptions from their former contexts to recombine them with one or two other familiar motives of nineteenth-century speculation. Yet the outcome of this process has as high a degree of originality as is often found in philosophical reasonings; and the principal argument of "Time and Free Will" may be regarded as an essentially novel contribution to metaphysics.

Time, as Kant had observed, is "the form of inner experience," as space is of our perception of external objects; and this, Renouvier had contended—giving up as barren and incomprehensible Kant's supra-temporal ego behind both series of phenomena—properly means that succession and duration and becoming are of the very essence of the reality that is inwardly and directly known to us. But precisely what, Bergson asks, is the nature of our time-consciousness, and what is its relation to our spatial imagery? The subtle analysis which he brings to bear upon this question leads him to the conclusion that there is in mankind a strong disposition to think time under forms borrowed from, and properly applicable only to, space, to assimilate the idea of duration to that of extension; and this, he finds, is the source of a host of errors in philosophy, including the error of determinism. All the perplexities of the ancient puzzle of the freedom of the will "come back, without our suspecting it, to the following question: 'Can time be adequately represented by space'?" Bergson's answer is a decided "No." Time past may, indeed, be translated by subsequent reflection into categories alien to its original nature; but time in actual flow has a nature unique and irreducible. Space we think of in terms of quantity, and as having all its points simultaneous with one another and external to one another, their true relations *inter se* being unmodified by change. We can ideally pass through it in any direction, can repeat the same course, can come back to the same point. Now our ideas of causal uniformity—derived largely from our experience of physical objects in space—though they refer to temporal sequences, are yet, so to say, woven upon a spatial warp. By "the same cause" we mean a set of conditions to which we can revert, which can be reconstituted without being significantly modified by the mere lapse of time. But time itself—the pure duration of inner experience—is, says Bergson, not a homogeneous and measurable quantity at all; it is, moreover, a one-directional flow whose successive moments imperceptibly inter-penetrate, which permits no repetition and no returning, and in which every later phase, merely because it *is* later, must be different from and incommensurable with every earlier one. Thus our temporal inner life is a kind of existence to which the principle that "the same cause must always be followed by the same effect" is irrelevant, since the required "sameness" can there never be wholly realized. Future time, again, is not, to one actually involved in the temporal process, "contained in" present or past; and to say that the entire content of the future is completely preformed in the present or past, that

> With earth's first clay they did the last man knead,

is simply to treat succession as if it were simultaneity, to abandon the point of view of real temporal experience, where the future always appears as in process of production through and partly by means of the present. The easy triumph of the old determinist arguments over the old freedomist arguments was due, Bergson holds, to the failure of the freedomist to utilize this distinction between the temporal and the spatial ways of thinking reality. Both parties, for example, "pictured the deliberation preceding choice under the form of an oscillation in space, while it really consists in a dynamic process in which the self and its motives, like real living beings, are in a constant state of becoming."

These reasonings can hardly be justly expounded, and they certainly cannot be adequately discussed, in brief compass. It may be remarked, however, that in his determination to make a complete severance between the temporal and the spatial categories, Bergson goes so far as to defeat his own purpose. To say that duration is pure quality with no quantitative aspect, and that its moments, though successive, are "without reciprocal externality," is itself a way of reducing time to simultaneity. Bergson's pages on this point at times singularly resemble the arguments by which Professor Royce has ingeniously sought to show that experience as a whole—the "Absolute Experience"—must be timeless.

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The translation is as a rule faithful and readable. There are added a sympathetic preface by the translator and an admirably comprehensive bibliography of articles about Bergson's philosophy in several languages. The first presentation of this important contemporary to our public has been so well done that all readers of the book must lament the sudden death of the young Oxford scholar to whom we owe the service.

Mediæval Italy. By Prof. Pasquale Villari. Translated by Costanza Hulton. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.75 net.

The coronation of Charlemagne, the last event treated in "The Barbarian Invasions of Italy," forms the point of departure in Professor Villari's new work, which follows the fortunes of the peninsula to the time of the death of Henry VII. The book is written for the general reader, and offers a straightforward narrative, free from controversy and show of erudition, and based on thorough knowledge of the sources and on criticism of the results of modern investigation. The whole territory is constantly held in view. Southern Italy and Sicily are accorded—for the first time in a general history—their full share in the record. The orderly control of the many interrelated series of events is admirable. The book grows in interest and value toward the end. The concluding chapters clarify notably the events and the personalities of the late thirteenth century.

Professor Villari deals almost exclusively with men and arms. The whole period, in his presentation, is dominated by individual men, builders of states that disintegrate at the builder's death, politicians whose policies lapse into oblivion when the controlling mind is gone. Institutions appear externally continuous, but devoid of vital growth; Papacy and Empire hold power or sink into insignificance according as the men who wear the tiara or the iron crown are strong or weak. One could wish that more attention had been paid to non-military matters. The intellectual and religious life of the Middle Ages, the condition of the people, the development of commerce, even matters of such political importance as the feudal system and the conflict of the investiture, are treated hurriedly and with far less clearness than the general reader has a right to ask. In the single paragraph devoted to the Dominican and Franciscan orders (p. 267) they are differentiated only as being respectively bloodthirsty and tenderhearted. The implication (p. 266) that the "De imitatione Christi" was written in the time of St. Francis is unfortunate. Dante's "De monarchia," treated (p. 368) as of the time of the descent of Henry VII into Italy, was almost certainly not written before the last years of Dante's life. The comparison of Pope and Emperor to sun and moon, attributed (p. 259) to Innocent III, goes back at least to Gregory VII.

The translation has the prime virtue of accuracy. The only serious error is an arrangement of relative clauses which attributes to Sylvester II instead of to Otho III denial of the authenticity of the Donation of Constantine (p. 114). Sykelgaite should not be termed "high-souled" (p. 186) until she is quite cleared of her reputation for readiness with poison: high-spirited she certainly was. From the point of view of style the translation is very poor. The Italian is followed closely in wording, order, and punctuation, and the resultant English is strange and unpleasant. The Italian phrases on pp. 5 and 158 have no textual value, and should have been translated. The difficult matter of the anglicization of proper names is in general well-handled. "Walter Offamill" (p. 247) might well have dropped an *f* and changed the *a* to *the*. The typesetter is presumably responsible for the dates "1909" (instead of 1009) on p. 130, and for "1,506" and "1,528" on p. 348, for "sunt" instead of *sum* on p. 198, and for "civitatis" instead of *civitas* on p. 341.

The illustrations are well-chosen and well-made. The interesting frontispiece, from an ivory in which Otho I appears as a diminutive kneeling donor, should have a more explicit title than the somewhat misleading "The Emperor Otho I." The index is excellent.

With Stevenson in Samoa. By J. H. Moors. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. $1.50 net.

Though Mr. Moors's copiously illustrated volume adds little of importance to our knowledge of Stevenson's character, it throws some light upon the avocations of his later years, and helps us to realize the Apian background. It is distinctly refreshing, too, because of the angle from which it was written. The author of these memoirs did not go to Samoa to hang upon the lips of Tusitala. As shopkeeper, dealer in real estate, local politician, and chairman of the Board of Works he was—is still—in the island on his own account. His plain, unvarnished tale proceeds from an interest which was rather neighborly than literary—we infer from some passing remarks that he is unacquainted with his neighbor's essay on Burns. Their relations, none the less, as the "Vailima Letters" and this book bear witness, were of the friendliest intimacy. They exchanged yarns and discussed local celebrities together, "generally in the evenings, as we sat in our pajamas on the balcony"; they conspired together against the German president of the municipal council; they collaborated on the materials for the "Footnote to History"; and Moors says, with a suggestion of pleasure in the reminiscence, that at one time Stevenson owed him above twelve thousand dollars. These are vital points of contact; Moors's opinion of his friend should be of some weight.

He finds it hard to believe in the canonized Stevenson proclaimed in the pulpits. The man he knew went to church only from deference to his mother, regarded the prayers at Vailima as something of a nuisance, was more himself in a paper-chase than in a Sunday-school on the Lord's day, looked upon the wine when it was red in the Tivoli Hotel, and was "surprised more than once in Bohemia"—whatever that may mean. Moors therefore cites with manifest delight the following brief but pointed epistle:

My dear Moors—

I hope to get down to-day, but the weather does not yet seem bordered up. We had a hell of a time yesterday; I wish the man who invented open eaves had been with us—I would have burned him to see to read by. Yours ever R. L. S.

All that this somewhat trivial testimony amounts to is that Stevenson, being neither a moral, intellectual, or social snob, was able to mix familiarly with all sorts of men on their own ground, and make them feel that he was no better than they. The defect of the critics who, like the late W. E. Henley, insist on the "real Stevenson" is their unwillingness to recognize his many-sidedness—their failure to understand that a man of letters may give to the wide world some sincere and precious part of himself which he cannot give to his nearest friends.

The most touching passage in this book is the chapter entitled "A Plan that Failed." Mr. Moors writes of the political troubles in Samoa from an inside view, but of the ladies at Vailima, we trust, from the outside. He could not help feeling that they were a little queer: for example, "the whole family—I except Stevenson's mother—worshipped at the shrine of 'My Lady Nicotine.'" What was worse, he thought, there was too much literary collaboration at Vailima. He felt a certain jealousy of the influence exerted by the women over the master of the house! And with the talent of a conspirator he bought a little island, and in 1893 secretly proposed to carry Stevenson off where he might work undisturbed and "accomplish something worth attempting"—

The important question was how to keep the ladies away from our island retreat, but he said he would manage it somehow. Meanwhile, I had myself visited Nassau, and had set a party of islanders to work. . . . Stevenson, longing for the peace and quiet of such a spot, evinced a lively interest in my account of these labors; and when we left the tower [where Moors had unfolded the plot] and rejoined our friends we drank

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a quiet toast to our future happiness in Elysian fields.

This little dream of a literary paradise freed from the annoyances of Eve and her daughters was abruptly terminated by death. One may regard the affair as a bit of amusing gossip or as curious additional testimony pointing to that "other Stevenson" with the singular power of exciting personal devotion frequently verging on sheer idolatry.

Notes.

"The Life of Tolstoy," in two volumes, by Aylmer Maude, has just been published by Dodd, Mead & Co. It is a consecutive and detailed account covering the whole life.

Forthcoming books from the Oxford University Press include: "The Englishman in Greece," as a companion piece to "The Englishman in Italy," and "The Oxford Book of Ballads," chosen and edited by Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch.

D. Appleton & Co. announce for immediate publicaton "Farthest West: Life and Travel in the United States," by C. R. Enock; "On and Off Duty in Annam," by Gabrielle M. Vassal, and later "Egypt: Ancient Sites and Modern Scenes," by Professor Maspero.

Doubleday, Page & Co. are already announcing for the spring "The Children's Library of Work and Play," a series of ten volumes, each of which is to be written by an authority: "Carpentry and Woodwork," by Edwin W. Foster; "Mechanics," by Fred T. Hodgson; "Housekeeping," by Elizabeth Hale Gilman; "Metalwork," by C. C. Sleffel; "Needlecraft," by Effie Archer Archer; "Outdoor Sports," by Claude H. Miller; "Interior Decoration," by Charles F. Warner; "Outdoor Work," by Mary Rogers Miller; "Gardening," by Ellen Eddy Shaw; and "Electricity," by John F. Woodhull.

James Lane Allen's "The Doctor's Christmas Eve" is expected from the press of Macmillan November 30.

In "The Great Texts of the Bible," a new series in preparation by the Scribners, Dr. James Hastings contributes to each of the selected topics pages of homiletical exposition and illustration. It is proposed to cover the whole Bible in five years. The first volume, "Isaiah," will be published within a month. So far as the book has any one aim, it is to furnish material for sermons.

Volume XXIV of the publications of the Selden Society, Volume V of their Year Book Series, "The Eyre of Kent 6 and 7 Edward II," edited by Messrs. Maitland, Harcourt, and Bolland, will be issued in December.

The December issue of *Chambers's Journal* will contain an article by Canon Dawson on "The Morals of the Round Table; or, Malory's 'Morte d'Arthur,' compared with 'Idyls of the King.'"

As a companion volume to "American Duck Shooting" the Forest and Stream Publishing Co. is about to issue "American Game Bird Shooting."

Among B. W. Huebsch's announcements are "Democracy and the Overman," by Charles Zueblin; "The Philosophy of Plato and its Relation to Modern Life," by Edward Howard Griggs, and "Optimos," by Horace Traubel.

The Rev. Walter W. Skeat has issued a statement as to the present position of the Chaucer Society:

It appears that some of the books, upon the completion of which the regular issue for the various years depended, are not even yet wholly ready; and the result is that more money has been received than has been expended, whilst at the same time, subscribers for the years 1907-10, have not yet received the parts due to them; and a few of the issues for earlier years are still incomplete.

It has been decided therefore that the society will definitely come to a close, with the end of the present year. Such parts as are overdue will be issued at convenient opportunities. The society, which began work in 1868, was designed to publish what was most material for the study of Chaucer's text. In Dr. Skeat's opinion this has now been accomplished. The last five or six numbers embodied the results of investigations by Americans.

As a memorial to the late Dr. Furnivall, Leonard Magnus and John Munro, the deceased's literary executor, have suggested a volume consisting of a biography of the scholar written by Mr. Munro and appreciations by others. The list of those who have promised to contribute are Dr. Henry Bradley, Prof. Alois Brandl, Professor Feuillerat, Dr. T. Gregory Foster, Miss Beatrice Harraden, Prof. W. P. Ker, William Poel, A. W. Pollard, Prof. W. W. Skeat, Miss Spurgeon, Henry Arthur Jones, Mrs. Laurence Gomme, and Mrs. Stopes. Besides an edition at an ordinary price, there will be an *édition de luxe*. The subscriptions which are invited towards the expenses of publication may be sent to Leonard Magnus, 9, Gray's Inn Square, London.

Yet another account of the career of Joan of Arc is offered to the public by Mary Rogers Bangs (Houghton Mifflin). Her narrative eschews controversy and gives a purely objective statement of the facts as ascertained by recent research, couched, it is true, in the language of enthusiasm, but not colored by any attempt at systematic explanation.

To John Lane's attractive edition of the works of Vernon Lee is added "Vanitas, Polite Stories, Including the Hitherto Unpublished Story, A Frivolous Conversion." In these four short stories of souls enmeshed in the web of social circumstance the art of Vernon Lee appears with all its usual incisive delicacy, and with a somewhat exceptional grace of human compassion. Her worldly malcontents are always pathetic, and sometimes tragic. The last tale, "The Legend of Madame Krasinska," is of Poe-like intensity.

It is, for the most part, a sordid series of servants that come and go in the pages of Elizabeth Robins Pennell's "Our House and the People in It" (Houghton Mifflin). But, with the sordidness, there is so much of romance that a reader does not object to the author's retaining each successive specimen long enough for her story to come out, especially as this second-hand method of learning it inflicts a minimum of the disagreeableness that was plainly there. To an American, moreover, there is positive charm in the very definite atmosphere that envelops the chambers from which one may look out on the Thames, down at St. Paul's, up to Westminster, and opposite to Surrey. Then, besides the succession of servants, from 'Enrietter to the satisfactory and, one is glad to know, permanent Augustine, who receives the well-deserved honor of the book's dedication, there are the tenants, more respectable if less picturesque than the servants; the beggars, of that new and difficult sort that "make a profession neither of disease nor of deformity, but of having come down in the world"; and the microcosm that bears the name of the Quarter. An occasional comment, such as any servant-seeker makes now and then, does not detract from the essentially narrative character of the book. After the merciful end of one of these servants, the writer concludes:

No doubt, daily in the slums, many women die as destitute. But they never had their chance. Mrs. Haines had hers, and a fair one as these things go. Her tragedy has shaken my confidence in the reformers today who would work the miracle, and with equal chances for all men, transform this sad world of ours into Utopia.

He would be a churlish sportsman or nature-lover who did not enjoy E. P. Stebbing's "Jungle By-Ways in India" (Lane). Of the many other books on this subject, all save two or three are serious even unto dulness; but this is different. It is like the off-hand, rapid-fire talk of a good friend who has just returned from a camping trip, and finds pleasure in sitting opposite the reader, telling his stories very much at his ease, and illustrating with rough sketches and droll diagrams on the backs of envelopes. Besides the reproductions of photographs, there are many simple sketches by the author, and they are of the most abstemious sort. There is never a line that could be spared. Crude and rough though they are, they serve their purpose excellently, and even with the sambar stag, whose antlers as drawn represent a four-foot length, we do not quarrel, for that is the way big antlers often look to the hunter who sees them in the wilds. Many persons will regard these impressionistic sketches as one of the most interesting features of the book. Mr. Stebbing is a keen and truthful observer, and an honest chronicler of his own adventures. He has hunted about all kinds of India big game south of the Himalayas, and he has vivid stories to tell of the home life of elephants, tigers, leopards, bison, sambar, axis deer, barasingha, bear, wild dogs, monkeys, and other species. His sense of humor is as rare—in books of big-game hunting—as it is welcome to the reader. He calls the barking deer "a funny little beggar"—as it is—and the cheerful confidence of the unconventionality is really refreshing.

In "Second Chambers: An Inductive Study in Political Science" (Frowde), J. A. R. Marriott takes for granted that a bi-cameral legislature is essential to the continuance of democratic government. He bases this assumption not on any abstract considerations but on the practical unanimity with which the system has been adopted by the civilized world. His object is primarily to explain the functions of the existing Second Chambers, and secondarily, to reach some conclusions which may assist in solving the

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burning question of the reform of the House of Lords. It may be doubted whether the appeal to history is as conclusive an answer to those who desire the abolition of the House of Lords as the author claims. In the great majority of instances quoted, the second chamber finds its reason of existence in the federal character of the country under consideration; in many others, to the country's strongly monarchical and undemocratic nature. France is, perhaps, the only modern democracy where a more or less successful attempt has been made to organize a chamber which may be said to represent the great social and industrial interests in the country. But none of the proposals made for the reform of the House of Lords, which are discussed at length in this work, would result in the creation of a chamber of this character; they might cause the exclusion of some of the notoriously unfit, but would not, certainly as long as the hereditary principle is not entirely abandoned, procure the creation of a really representative body, capable of checking effectually the power of a democratic House of Commons. In fact, at the end of the book, the author virtually gives up his case, and admits that it is seriously open to question "whether restriction of the powers or alteration of the structure, or both in combination," will compose the constitutional differences. He admits that there is a considerable party which favors the referendum in place of such reorganization. The fact that such a new and untried experiment can find such support, would seem to indicate that sentiment rather than reason dictates the statement in another part of the work that the question of the abolition of the House of Lords is outside of the domain of practical politics.

Former students at Yale as well as those of the present generation will not be displeased at the appearance of a "new and further enlarged edition" of Prof. Henry A. Beers's "The Ways of Yale in the Consulship of Plancus" (Holt). Written without ulterior motive and distorted little, apparently, even by the glamour which usually attaches to retrospect, the book commemorates instructively a time that is no more—a time, that is, when the college world was rather more than now a law unto itself. The curriculum was built upon the ages, with its elements of Latin and Greek and mathematics and philosophy and science, and feared no encroachment from the fluttering changes and demands of the outer world. Then Socrates and Plato, reincarnate, waged war on error, and another Horace quaffed ale into the night, while New England snows fell, feeling that peace that passes all understanding. All in all, it was a simple life they lived, with the perspective created by acquaintance with former times actually shaping their judgments of present needs. Athletics ran their course, even intercollegiate athletics, without usurping first importance. The thing that strikes one most in the book is that, whatever a boy's propensities, whether to grinding or idling, his joys and sorrows were closely connected with the intellectual atmosphere of the college.

The author of "The Spaniard at Home" (McClurg), Mary F. Nixon-Roulet, aims to depart from the point of view of the ordinary tourist and to describe Spain, for the first time in English, from the standpoint of the native. A praiseworthy undertaking if the writer be qualified for the task. Unfortunately she proves her incompetency on nearly every page. The first thing to strike the reader's eye is the ignorance displayed of the Spanish language. To give a list of her errors would be useless. Most of them are repeated several times, so that they are scarcely to be ascribed to bad proof-reading, although misprints abound. When the author makes such a mistake as to write *parita* for *perrita* or *semule* for *sémola*, it is apparent that she has learned by ear a few words and phrases and written them down without troubling to look them up in a dictionary. One chapter is entitled Fetes and Festas! *Bebe* is not a Spanish word, as the author seems to think. All told, the reviewer has noted 274 similar errors in the use of Spanish, an average of nearly one mistake to a page. It is needless to say that an author so ignorant of the Spanish tongue is utterly unqualified to discourse upon Spanish literature. That chapter might better have been omitted. In the chapter on education, pages 249-251 are taken almost bodily out of Fitzmaurice-Kelly's "History of Spanish Literature" with neither quotation marks nor credit. If it were worth while, the "deadly parallel" might here be employed with telling effect. The Spanish point of view appears in an apology for the bull-fight, the argument being the usual one that other sports, too, are cruel. The best chapters are those devoted to descriptions of life and customs, but these pages also are replete with misinformation.

"The Book of Friendship" (Macmillan) is an anthology of verse and prose in twelve parts, covering such diversities of the friendly relation as Childhood Friendships, Inarticulate Friendships, Friends in Need, Brothers in Arms, Odd Companions, and Boon Companions. Nor are its sterner possibilities blinked, since the section entitled When Friends Are Parted includes Austin Dobson's "Dr. Johnson and Mrs. Thrale" and Browning's "The Lost Leader," as well as "David's Lament for Jonathan" and Shakespeare's "When to the sessions of sweet silent thought." But the bulk of the little volume is made up, as is fitting, of selections concerned in one way or another with friendship's happier moments. These selections range from the abstractions of Emerson and Carlyle to the facetiousness of Horace, the animation of Dumas, the seriousness of Thomas Hughes, and the delicacy of Stevenson. And while no anthology is to be swallowed whole, or even read very consecutively, this one presents the characteristic agreeableness of this literary form in the piquant incongruity of successive selections. Frederick Denison Maurice's "Friendship of Books" loses nothing by following Cowper's "Epitaph on a Hare." The drawings, by W. T. Benda, are in good taste and add to the value of the pages they adorn, but the introduction, by S. M. Crothers, is rather labored. Its place might well be taken by something of the same writer less formally, if at all, introductory.

From the office of the *Publishers' Weekly*, the American agents, we have received "Whitaker's Reference Catalogue of Current Literature" for 1910. This, as is well known, consists of the catalogues of the English publishers (there are 195 houses represented in this issue) bound together in two large volumes. The Index, by authors and titles, now occupies a third volume, itself of more than a thousand closely printed, double-column pages.

In his "Strikes: When to Strike, How to Strike" (Putnams), Oscar T. Crosby makes an attempt to discuss in a simple manner such fundamental questions as the morality of the strike, the purpose of the union, and the nature of the boycott and picket. Although the volume doubtless will fulfil the author's purpose to "help a few busy men, wage-earners, and wage-payers, to clearer vision and wider charity," it is far from being comprehensive, and gives the impression at times of being hurried.

Walter Sichel's "Sterne: A Study" (Lippincott) rests its claim to existence upon two grounds: a presentation of fresh material about Sterne and a fresh characterization of Sterne. It does not justify itself upon either ground. The professedly new material is either not new or not important. It is unimportant that Mrs. Sterne was a cousin of Mrs. Montagu, the "Queen of the Bluestockings." It has long been known that Mrs. Sterne was "gey ill to live wi'." It is unimportant whether Sterne went abroad with a pupil just *before* or just *after* his marriage (p. 54n), and whether "D'Estella" was *in* York or *near* York (p. 34n). It is unimportant that Sterne changed his opinion of Dean Fountayne (pp. 110-112); that his "dear Kitty" de Fourmentelle may have been a kinswoman of Richard Berenger (p. 132), and may have written to him a letter puffing "Tristram Shandy" (p. 135), and may have sung at Ranelagh some doggerel composed for her by Sterne (p. 147). Upon Mr. Sichel's early rather than late dating of Sterne's acquaintance with Warburton (p. 155), Mrs. Vesey (p. 166n), and Selwyn (p. 251n), rests no such radical difference in one's estimate of Sterne as does rest upon Professor Cross's early dating of Sterne's flirtation with Lady Percy. Nor does it matter greatly that "Janatone," the innkeeper's daughter of Montreuil, probably married, and went to England, and met Eliza Draper (p. 245). These chronicings of small beer possess interest enough to justify their being communicated, say, to *Notes and Queries*—not enough to justify a book. They are meagre gleanings of a field which Professor Cross has harvested. Though Mr. Sichel's footnotes everywhere acknowledge his obligation to Cross's "Life," he seems not to have seen Cross's edition of Sterne's Works (1904; reprinted 1906). This edition contains the letters which Mr. Sichel cites from the old editions, and all but an inconsiderable one or two which he cites from supposedly unpublished MSS. Moreover, it arranges the letters chronologically; so that Mr. Sichel is mistaken in supposing (p. viii) that they "have been left dishevelled." Finally, it contains the "Journal to Eliza," which Mr. Sichel believes himself to be publishing for the first time (pp. viii, 17). A closer study of Cross's "Life" would have prevented other blunders. We should be glad to learn, too, how Mr. Sichel knows that "'Slawkenbergius' is an actual person" (p. 208). We had supposed him to be a creature of Sterne's brain. By way of characterization and criticism this book likewise offers, for the most part, matter that is either trifling or not new, or, if new, unduly expanded. Altogether we can see no justification for this biography of Sterne.

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Gordon Home's "Motor Routes of France" (Macmillan) exactly meets the needs created by the new method of road travel. For the route covered—from Havre, by Rouen, through Touraine to Biarritz, a short excursion over the Spanish frontier to Pamplona and San Sebastian, the northern slopes of the Pyrenees, Provence, the Riviera, and back to Dieppe by the valleys of the Rhone and Loire—it is a complete guidebook for the motorist. The practical notes, hints on touring, road warnings, and directions for drivers are supplemented by a log of the author's car, and each day's run has a map on which are to be found precisely those details required by a novice on the road. The type is large, yet the volume can easily be slipped into an overcoat pocket. The book is evidently the result of large experience, and the descriptive and historical text is equally well done. It is to be hoped that the author will be encouraged to do for other parts of Europe open to motor travel what he has done in this book for France, and in previously published ones for England. The colored illustrations add to its attraction.

"Ribbon Roads" (Putnam), by A. T. and B. R. Wood, is another story. It has no value for the motorist, being simply a pleasant account of a motor journey whose practical side receives no attention. It belongs, in short, to that amazingly large class of books on travel for which there is no discernible *raison d'être*. How many travellers in any land—Spain, for instance—leave an indelible record of their impressions? or how many impressions are worth such a record? The few of permanent value, even though they be, like Gautier's, out of date, can be counted on the fingers. The rest are writings on sand. Mr. Home's book possesses distinctive value, and is designed to meet a real need. "Ribbon Roads" may be classed with the letters from abroad which, before the days of motors and Lusitanias, filled the magazine page of the weekly newspaper.

A few months ago the Gesellschaft der Bibliophilen sent out to its members, as one of its regular publications, the third and concluding volume of "Schillers Persönlichkeit." The work was originally planned and undertaken for the society by Prof. Albert Leitzmann of the University of Jena, who set out to collect Schiller's recorded conversations and all the authentic accounts of significant facts in his life, as well as the utterances concerning his personality based on immediate association and impressions. Becoming too much absorbed in other scholarly pursuits, Leitzmann resigned the task in favor of Max Hecker of Weimar, who brought out the first volume in 1904. When the second volume was well under way Hecker was in turn forced by his duties as collaborator on the Weimar edition of Goethe to turn over the completion of the collection to a third editor. Julius Petersen of Munich has seen it through to the end. The student of Schiller will find in these three volumes, conveniently arranged and carefully edited, the widely scattered original sources, some hitherto unpublished, which, together with the poet's works and letters, comprise the raw material of a Schiller biography. Purely literary notices of contemporaries, that throw no light on Schiller the man, are excluded from the compilation, so that, except for one newspaper extract, there is no overlapping with Braun's three-volume "Schiller im Urteile seiner Zeitgenossen." The notes contain a list of sources with their earliest publication and important variant readings, and refer to some of the more important literature on various documents, without attempting to abstract all the accepted results of critical research in this field. They further correct some of the errors in the documents themselves and furnish some commentary on points that need it. A full index adds to the convenience of the work for reference. The print and paper are of a character well calculated to delight the eye of the true bibliophile. Although the whole work will not take the place of an interpretative biography, it does enable the reader to obtain a vivid picture of Schiller in his every-day life and at his work, seeing him through the eyes of his contemporaries and hearing him through their ears. It deserves the same warm reception in America as has been accorded to it in Europe, but, unfortunately, like the other publications of the society, it will not be obtainable through the ordinary channels of the book trade, except occasionally at second hand.

One of the books of real value evoked by the Risorgimento semi-centennials, which Italy has been celebrating, is "Milano e la Lombardia nel 1859," by Col. Carlo Pagani (Milan: Cogliati). While the author's forte is military criticism, he shows a thorough acquaintance with the political situation during the momentous year when Cavour forced Austria to declare war and Napoleon III to champion the Italian cause. Col. Pagani refers to much material not easily accessible on this side of the water. His opinion, evidently formed with deliberation, carries weight. We note that he maintains the traditional Italian contentions, first, that the Piedmontese troops reached Magenta in time to give the Austrians their quietus, and, next, that they drove Benedek from the heights of San Martino, after the French were already victorious at Solferino.

The Rev. Francis Dent died last Sunday. He was born in Ireland in 1840; came to this country when nine years of age, and graduated from the College of the Franciscan Monks. With Fathers Leo and Eugene, he founded the first Italian mission in this city. After a year, as father superior in the Franciscan home at Winsted, Conn., he had charge of a church in Hartford. He went to Rome in 1878, and lived there until 1906, and was present at the burial of Pope Leo XIII. and the coronation of Pius X. Father Dent was the author of several books on religious subjects, one of which, "The Temporal Domain of the Popes in the Divine Plan," won him leather seals from Popes Leo and Pius. He was engaged at the time of his death in writing the last chapter of "The Blessed Virgin."

Wilhelm Raabe, the novelist and writer, died last week in Brunswick, Germany. Known under the pen name of Jacob Corvinus, he started to write in 1856, and, oddly enough, his first work, "Die Chronik der Sperlingsgasse," proved to be most in demand, having reached in 1905 the forty-first edition. "Der Hungerpastor" has passed through twenty-five editions. Many of his stories are in two volumes, some even in three. One of his best books, "Horaker," shows successful humor. Other characteristic stories are "Abu Telfan" and "Der Schüdderump." On his seventieth birthday, in 1901, the University of Göttingen honored him with the doctor's degree.

Science.

Methods of Attracting Birds. By Gilbert H. Trafton. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.25 net.

This is a practical discussion of the subject of befriending birds in winter as well as in summer, and, from the point of view of the birds, is especially timely just now. Mr. Trafton remarks that

the reasons for attracting birds around our homes are twofold: first, the protection of the birds, and second, the resulting benefits that accrue to man, both on account of the great economic value of these birds to the farmer in his struggle with injurious insects, and also on account of the pleasure derived in helping and watching the birds.

Mr. Trafton gives special attention to the economic factor. He says that

the progressive farmer does not begrudge the expense entailed in securing a spraying outfit and the annual outlay involved in its use. With an expense so small that it hardly needs to be taken into account, the farmer may have very efficient insect-destroyers in the flocks of birds which may be attracted around the farm—destroyers which do not require the time and supervision of the farmer to render them effective, but which of their own accord are constantly at work from sunrise until sunset, freeing the farm from its insect enemies.

It needed no expert ornithologist or entomologist to make this discovery; anybody who is at all intelligent about birds knows that they are indefatigable in the destruction of harmful insects; and yet the actual number of persons who have a really clear appreciation of this important fact is amazingly small, and includes an infinitessimal percentage of farmers—the very ones who are most concerned. Mr. Trafton's little book is, therefore, in its purely economic aspects, a valuable contribution to agricultural literature, and its usefulness is heightened by the simplicity of its style, the clarity of its descriptions, and the practicability of the devices suggested. Nesting-houses of various kinds, so designed as to attract the especially useful birds, like the swallows, blue-birds, chickadees, martins, and wrens, and costing but a trifle, are described and pictured by means of line-cuts and half-tones, and there are also chapters on Attracting the Winter Birds, on Drinking- and Bathing-Fountains, on Planting Trees, Shrubs, and Vines, Bird Protection in the Schools, and Bird Photography. Mr. Trafton acknowledges his indebtedness for many suggestions

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to such well-known ornithologists as Frank M. Chapman, Dr. A. K. Fisher, Ernest Harold Baynes, and Edward H Forbush, while his book was prepared "with the support of the National Association of Audubon Societies after consultation with its officers, with whose express approval it is now issued."

The Cambridge University Press is to bring out "Principia Mathematica," by Dr. A. N. Whitehead and Bertrand Russell, a work whose aim is "to show the dependence of mathematics upon logic by deducing from purely logical premises the elementary propositions of its various branches." The first volume, which is soon to appear, is entitled "Mathematical Logic and Prolegomena to Cardinal Arithmetic"; the second volume, "The Principles of Arithmetic"; the third, "The Measurement and the Principles of Geometry."

A new and revised edition of "Diophantus of Alexandria," by Sir T. L. Heath, is promised by the same press. This will be most welcome, as the previous edition is now out of print.

"The Farm Book," written and illustrated by E. Boyd Smith, which will be issued by Houghton Mifflin Co. November 26, undertakes to interest Bob and Betty and other juveniles in ploughing, reaping, milking, and all the rest of farming.

The leading article in the *National Geographic Magazine* for November is a description of scenes of every-day life in Korea and China, by William W. Chapin. Of its fifty illustrations, thirty-nine are in color, reproductions of photographs colored by a Japanese artist. The value of lignite as a new source of power, if burned in a gas producer, is demonstrated by Guy E. Mitchell.

"The Science of Living, or the Art of Keeping Well" (McClurg) is the rather appealing title under which Dr. William S. Sadler succeeds in giving an extraordinary amount of information in about four hundred pages. He skips gayly from one topic to another, often with a dubious generalization or a happy disregard of fundamentals. On the whole, however, it may be said that in most matters the essentials are given in such a way that the reader is not dangerously misled. Many writers of repute are drawn upon, but not always with perfect understanding, and the numerous illustrations darken the text quite as often as they illuminate it. Selections of food and diet are treated at some length and with details and tables not easy for the general reader to understand. Dr. Sadler, a frank "two-mealer" and a believer in a low protein level of requirement, appears to recommend a food supply which gives too few calorics. He asserts that most of us have a "protein habit" and have developed a kind of "protein tissue intoxication." A certain heredity of this habit is held to explain racial differences in diet, an explanation whose ingenuity is more apparent than its validity. The author gives ten sample breakfasts and dinners, each estimated to contain a thousand calorics, and also other tables of food values which the beginners will not readily interpret. The "menus" are vegetarian in character, but are not strictly orthodox. The epicure will find them entertaining and curious, but he will hardly feel himself seriously tempted to give them a trial.

The death is reported of Felipe Valle, director of the Mexican National Observatory at Tacubaya.

Drama.

PROTECTING NATIVE DRAMATISTS.

It is not likely that much more will be heard of the latest agitation in favor of some plan—apparently a trade conspiracy—for the protection and encouragement of the native American dramatist. In the first place, it does not seem to have any backing except that of an inconsiderable performer, who has profited largely by the use of foreign material, and, in the second place, it proposes the application of a boycott against all foreign plays which, without the aid of inconceivable legislation, could not be proclaimed, and could not, in any circumstances, be enforced. This protection idea, of course, is rooted in utter fallacy—for art does not need coddling for its development, but fair and open competition—but it is so common that it may be worth while to cast an eye over the existing theatrical situation and see how the case stands.

The first point to keep in mind is that the interests of the public at large, not of a restricted class, are paramount; the second is that it is useless to fight against the law of supply and demand. Broadly speaking, the best plays of their class—there are exceptions, of course, to every rule—will yield the largest commercial return. If plays of foreign origin make the most money in the United States—a proposition which is by no means universally, even if it be approximately, true—the logical presumption is that in the public judgment at least they are of superior quality. As a plain matter of fact, they very often are. It is little short of idiotic to suggest that they ought to be excluded, in order that inferior compositions might enjoy a monopoly. The truth is that within the last half-a-dozen years substantial fortunes have been made in this country by young dramatists with crude sensational pieces exhibiting the worst characteristics, while devoid of the artistic workmanship, of their foreign prototypes. Many of these have been destitute of any redeeming feature, some of them have been vile enough to be stopped by the police. On the other hand, it is most pleasant to know, many native dramatists, within the same period, have won fortune with genuine American plays, both serious and comic, which were not only innocent, but of substantial dramatic and artistic merit.

It is clear, therefore, that the American drama has not been suppressed, but is growing. That it has been hampered cannot be disputed. So has the English drama, and much in the same way. But one reason—not the only one, however—why English and Continental plays occupy so many of our theatres, is that the theatre is an older institution on the other side of the Atlantic than it is here, and the dramatic output there is larger. There is also in Europe a larger body of play-writers of established reputation. A comparison of the English and American fields would show that the former is much the richer in older men of proved dramatic ability.

But there is abundant promise in the swelling ranks of the younger men in this country. It is too soon yet to pronounce final judgment upon the abilities of such sensationalists as Eugene Walters, Edward Sheldon, Rupert Hughes, Jules Eckert Goodman, Porter Emerson Brown, J. Hartley Manners, and W. J. Hurlbut. They are all suffering still from the exuberance of youth and have not learned how to distinguish between strength and violence. But they all show signs of dramatic instinct, as well as a keen sense of theatrical situation, and when, with experience, they have acquired moderation, they may all go far. C. M. S. McLellan may yet add to the reputation which he earned with his "Leah Kleschna." John Corbin, in his "Husband," furnishes a pledge of much higher achievement in the near future. This is an immature work, but evinces grasp of form and power of expression, and is marked by clear and courageous purpose. Thompson Buchanan reveals humor, originality, and theatrical capacity in "The Cub." Rachel Crothers has demonstrated ability of no common order in "The Three of Us" and "A Man's World." She is observant, imaginative, humorous, and creative. Edward Knoblauch has written "The Shulamite." Butler Davenport came near to writing a first-rate comedy in "Keeping Up Appearances," and there is true comedy in the "Her Husband's Wife" of A. E. Thomas. Charles Rann Kennedy, a new American, has written two of the most remarkable plays in the last decade in "The Servant in the House" and "The Winter Feast." And then there is Percy MacKaye, the author of "Sappho and Phaon," a piece of high artistic and dramatic merit, and "Joan of Arc," an eloquent and imaginative romance. Unfortunately, his genius is wayward and has strayed of late in perverse and unprofitable ways, but nevertheless it is a force to be reckoned with. On the whole, the native playwright does not appear to be greatly in need of protection. He has to face a powerful opposition, but that is wholesome, and ought to be inspiring.

But he, in common with his English rival, does need a fair measure of opportunity. It is not opposition that is hurting him, but the lack of it. The

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whole stage in England and America is groaning and smothering, because the greedy, ignorant, and demoralizing commercial system, which has no other principle than the seizure of the immediate dollar, and no regard for either art or morals, has secured the control of the majority of the theatres of both countries, and so made itself the arbiter of what shall be played and who shall play it. The public virtually no longer has a voice as to the character of the dramatic entertainment which it prefers. "Runs" are a matter of preordination. If a play fails in one city, it is not withdrawn, but is started on its predestined circuit. In this respect one syndicate is just as evil as another. The "long run" is equally fatal to the development of actors and the creation of dramatists. The sooner the opposing syndicates cut each others' throats, the better for actors, writers, and audiences. What the American playwright should pray for, is not protection, but a free fight. And there are signs that it is coming.

Walter Prichard Eaton, for several years an industrious writer on dramatic subjects in the daily and periodical press, has revised a number of his essays and collected them in a volume entitled "At the New Theatre and Others" (Small, Maynard & Co.). On the whole—although many persons of wider experience than the author will disagree wholly with some of its judgments—it is a clever and entertaining book, full of sharp observation and lively humor and a wholesome spirit of independence. Mr. Eaton at least knows the contemporaneous theatre well, has ideas of his own and expresses them with indisputable ability, if with a somewhat injudicious dogmatism. Some of his dicta, for instance, on the old and modern schools of acting, the meaning of versatility, etc., would have been greatly modified, doubtless, if he had had any actual acquaintance with the more finished players, on either side of the Atlantic, of forty or fifty years ago. He has some trenchant and true observations on the evil wrought by the syndicate system, and on the benefits of the open theatre, but is, it may be feared, somewhat too sanguine concerning the immediate outcome of existing managerial rivalries. One syndicate is very much like another. But, of course, opposition is a good thing in itself. His estimates of the genius of some modern stars need not be disputed, but they will not be approved by veteran playgoers. About the work of the New Theatre he writes with point and discernment, and his papers on Clyde Fitch and Augustus Thomas are both excellent.

Sir John Hare writes to a London journal as follows: "I shall be extremely grateful if you will contradict a statement, which I believe has emanated from America, to the effect that I am to visit that country professionally in the spring."

Gustav Amberg announces that he has completed arrangements with the management of the Irving Place Theatre by which Herr von Possart will appear at that playhouse for a special engagement of two weeks, beginning on Monday, December 26. Herr von Possart, who is in the front rank of living actors, brings his own complete company, and will make a brief tour of the principal American cities. His repertory will include "The Merchant of Venice," Shylock being one of his most famous impersonations; "Nathan the Wise," "Friend Fritz," and "Fallissement," by Björnsen. With all these plays his name has long been associated in the minds of Germanic playgoers. He comes to America only by special permission of the Prince Regent of Bavaria, without whose consent it is not possible for him to appear outside his native country. His company is recruited exclusively from players in the regular organizations of the Court Theatres in Munich and Berlin.

Bernard Shaw's new play, "The Dark Lady of the Sonnets," is to be presented for the first time, in London, by the National Shakespeare Memorial Committee, at two *matinées*, organized for the benefit of the scheme. The author himself speaks of his piece as merely an interlude, which in performance will last only half an hour. The characters are limited to four—Queen Elizabeth, Mary Fitton (the Dark Lady), Shakespeare, and a Beefeater. The theory that the Dark Lady was Mistress Fitton has been adopted, and Mr. Shaw has availed himself of the opportunity to attack the notion that Shakespeare was an illiterate. Shakespeare, according to Mr Shaw, was the son of a merchant, who considered himself a gentleman, and married a woman of good family, who considered herself a lady, at a time when the modern conception of a middle class did not exist.

The success of the latest play of H. H. Davies, "A Single Man," which has just been produced in London, seems to depend largely upon the power of a single scene. It opens, apparently, in a vein of clever but not very sincere light comedy. A middle-aged bachelor falls in love with a pretty little girl, not yet out of her teens, and, being shy, begs his typist to undertake his wooing for him. She fulfils her task with an earnestness which shows how much her heart is set upon her employer. Succeeding in her suit, she cannot bear the contemplation of his happiness, and soon the old bachelor begins to think that he, too, may have made a mistake. One evening, as the typist is about to leave him, and he is preparing to dine alone, he asks the former to share his solitary meal, and, with the first sip of champagne—an unknown liquor—her tongue is loosed and she betrays the love that is in her. This scene is said to be managed with charming delicacy and imagination, and to raise the whole play to a higher level. And it is admirably played by Cyril Maude and Hilda Trevelyan.

The death is announced from Rome of Henrietta Hobson, once a very popular English actress, and for many years the wife of the well-known Henri Labouchere, the editor and owner of London *Truth*. In 1860 it happened that she and one other—Henry Irving—were picked together out of a crowd of applicants by the manager of the Theatre Royal, Manchester. Bristol was another of the towns where (those being the days of stock companies) she learned her business and won admirers. She was among the many well-known players who at one time or another appeared on the stage of the old Prince of Wales's Theatre under the Bancrofts; but her chief successes were won at the Queen's Theatre, in Long-acre. She was one of the brilliant company brought together by Alfred Wigan to play in that theatre at its opening in 1867—a company which included also Henry Irving, Ellen Terry, Charles Wyndham, Lionel Brough, and J. L. Toole. Later she herself assumed the management of the house. One of her productions was Mr. Labouchere's version of Sardou's "Patrie," called "Fatherland," in which she played with great success the part of Dolores (Countess Rysoor). After her retirement her days were spent chiefly at Pope's Villa, Twickenham, and later at Mr. Labouchere's villa near Florence.

Music.

Correct Principles of Classical Singing. By Max Heinrich. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co. $1.50 net.

My Voice and I. By Clara Kathleen Rogers. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. $1.50 net.

Most people think it must be great fun to be an opera or concert singer, but Sir Charles Santley wrote at the age of seventy-four that no gold or applause could repay the toil and the disappointments of a singer's life. Judging by his descriptions and those of other great artists one gets the impression that singers, every time they appear in public, have to endure hours of mental agony comparable to that of a man awaiting the hour when he is to be hanged; and few, if any, are exempt. Max Heinrich, admired for thirty years as one of the best of oratorio and lieder singers, declares that he has known nearly all of the celebrated singers and players of our time and none of them was exempt from this battle with the nerves. Young singers are assailed by it fully twenty-four hours before the actual moment of the ordeal:

> A beating heart, flushed cheeks, spasmodic respiration . . . sometimes literally to the point of nausea; . . . the restless, perturbed sleep of that last night before the concert; the fear of the critic; the fast-approaching hour; at last the moment of actual appearance—heart in mouth—ah! who among you has not been condemned to live through this agony?

Stage-fright is only one of the many difficulties that confront singers. Mr. Heinrich divides these difficulties into two kinds, the mechanical and the intellectual. Under the first head come voice production and placing, and breath control; under the second, phrasing, diction, tone color, and personality. To each of these he gives a chapter, writing about it in a rambling way. While correct voice production and placing are of the utmost importance, he thinks most students give too much time to it, to the neglect of the intellectual problems—those which make an artist of a singer. The author relates, with pardonable pride, how he once sang for the

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redoubtable Hans von Bülow. Beginning with a Schubert song, he added another, and followed it up with one by Schumann. Bülow came closer to the piano, but made no comment till Mr. Heinrich (who was playing his own accompaniments) got to the middle of Brahms's "Wie bist du, meine Königin?" when the great pianist suddenly hit him forcibly on the back and exclaimed: "You are a liar! You said you were a singer! You are not a singer; you are an artist!"

What Bülow meant by this becomes clear to any student or teacher or mature singer who will read this book. Max Heinrich is a singer of the Wüllner type; he showed to Americans long before Dr. Wüllner crossed the ocean that there are things in vocal music more important than a beautiful voice—more important not only from an æsthetic point of view, but as a means of swaying an audience and making every one eager to come again. After discoursing on diction, on the art of coloring tones, and the meaning of personality, the author proceeds to discuss oratorio singing, with especial reference to the traditions relating to recitative. He speaks scornfully of opera singers who flounder when attempting oratorio, which, like Ffrangcon Davies, he evidently regards as a higher form of art than opera. Whether it be so or not, need not now be discussed. Recognizing the importance of details, Mr. Heinrich devotes the last hundred pages of his valuable little book to excerpts in musical type, from oratorios and songs, with hints as to coloring, phrasing, diction, and breathing. An important feature in these directions is the use of special signs to indicate not only where the singer is to breathe, but where he is not to do so, untimely breathing being the most frequent cause of incorrect phrasing, which both mars the melodic curve and makes the words unintelligible.

Clara Kathleen Rogers's book is also concerned with those higher problems of singing which have come more to the fore since Dr. Wüllner visited us. It is dedicated "to those who follow art not as a means of distinguishing themselves, but of fulfilling their highest possibilities." By inheritance and experience she is well qualified to write on the art of singing. Her father, John Barnett, is referred to by Grove as "the father of English opera," and her musically gifted mother was a daughter of the famous violoncellist, Robert Lindley. She studied under such eminent teachers as San Giovanni and Hans von Bülow, sang in opera and concerts with the Parepa Rosa and other companies, and finally became a teacher. Her stage name was Clara Doria, and she was born in 1844. Seven years ago she wrote a book entitled "The Philosophy of Singing," which was favorably commented on.

Her new volume is not so egotistic as its title, "My Voice and I," might seem to indicate. There is nothing personal in the book, her own voice and art not being referred to at all, although she does introduce here and there valuable illustrations drawn from her long experience as a teacher. In choosing that title she was guided by the desire to indicate that, unlike most writers on the art of singing, she wished to discourse on the relation of voice to the singer rather than on its relation to its physical organ. Laryngology is useful to throat specialists, and teachers should know about it, as an aid in locating faults of tone production; but students are not only not helped by such knowledge, but actually hindered. What they need is a model; they must have opportunity to hear good singers and thus get into their minds correct ideas of the tones they wish to emit, whereupon the throat muscles will instinctively produce them. This is supposed to have been the "old Italian method."

In his "Psychology of Singing" David C. Taylor developed the same idea; and it is surprising that Mrs. Rogers does not refer to his book. However, her treatment of the same theme has many interesting features, and there is much additional information and discussion of value to all singers and teachers. Her remarks on the superiority of dramatic singing to merely beautiful singing are particularly commendable.

Mrs. C. Milligan Fox has been busy among the peasants of Ireland noting down folk songs, not a few of which, she is convinced, have never been put into type. She has in press a book entitled "The Bunting Papers and Memories of Irish Harpers," and will lecture on this topic in American cities this season.

Another American has been honored. Paderewski, who, last July presented Poland with a magnificent monument to the Polish kings at Cracow, was to have given a recital at the Chopin centennial in Lemberg, but owing to an attack of rheumatism, he had to give up the project. Asked to name the pianist whom he would prefer to take his place, he suggested Ernst Schelling, who was at once accepted by the committee. He gave a Chopin recital, which justified his selection.

Concerning Lillian Nordica's brilliant success as Isolde at the Paris Grand Opéra, the London *Telegraph* says:

The student element in Paris took special interest in the venture, and there were scores of pupils of the Conservatoire and of all the famous teachers to be seen among the audience. They were not the least impressed by the extraordinarily pure and perfect rendering of the title rôle. The singer's voice was as superb as ever. Her method, her style, and her masterful art were a revelation to the young aspirants to the operatic stage, whose number is legion in Paris.

By way of celebrating the seventy-fifth birthday of the greatest composer (with the exception of Bizet) that France has ever produced, a Saint-Saëns concert was given in Paris a few weeks ago, in which Ysaye and Hollmann took part. The programme included a new work by the aged master, entitled "The Muse and the Poet." He calls it a symphonic poem, but it is really a concerto for violin and violoncello, with orchestral accompaniment. The themes are said to have a melancholy character. Other works by Saint-Saëns played on this occasion were the symphonic poems "Phaeton" and "Omphale's Spinning Wheel," the "Andromache" overture, the "Heroic March," the violoncello concerto, and the "Rondo Capriccioso."

Art.

MR. VEDDER'S REMINISCENCES.

The Digressions of V. Written for his own Fun and that of his Friends. By Elihu Vedder. Many illustrations by the author. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $6 net.

At the beginning of this book the banner of whim is flaunted in a most curious combination of prefaces and perorations interlarded with digressions. Mr. Vedder is open-hearted; the wholly decorous or systematic reader is eliminated at the outset. Throughout the recollections the method is circular. No association is resisted; far-away events are linked together in surprising fashion, yet the whole gives a fairly unified impression of shrewd and delicately self-conscious old age groping tenderly back for the vestiges of youth and more vigorous manhood. To increase the composite character of the story, poems in the artist's lettering, with pictorial settings, are interpolated as half-titles to the main sections. Of course this autobiography, depending not on journals but on memory, is emphatically "Truth and Poesy," but the many ingredients combine in a portrait essentially consistent and credible.

The most charming part of an autobiography is likely to be the childhood chapters, and Mr. Vedder's is no exception. His own childhood was passed between old New York, the still Dutch town of Schenectady, whence the family sprung, with casual schooling at Moriches, Long Island. We glimpse the manners of a simpler time, and catch some racy tang of characters rich in idiosyncrasy. The inventive streak in Elihu Vedder is ascribed to an ill-balanced English uncle, who left the lad as inheritance a kind of alchemist's laboratory and the quest of perpetual motion. What made young Vedder a hero among the boys was his Cuban trips. There his father sought an uncertain fortune, while the motherless boy varied an erratic schooling with deep draughts of tropic indolence. Of this life Mr. Vedder tells with gusto. An extract may illustrate the easy literary fashion of the book:

Guanahai was an easy going place, both in manners and customs. My bed was of

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rawhide, as smooth and hollow as a Japanese lacquered bowl. You simply slid down to the middle of it—the sheet became a rope under you, and was discarded. A sheet, a pillow, and a mosquito-net formed the outfit. My dress was equally simple: A pair of trousers, a shirt worn outside, a pair of low canvas shoes, a sombrero. Add to these a pair of spurs, a handkerchief around the waist, another about the neck, another tied on the head, and the sombrero on top, and I was dressed for the day. I must not omit the long practical knife, thrust into the handkerchief at the waist. And the day consisted of a visit to a coffee or sugar plantation, and the evening of sitting with chair tipped against the wall of my friend, the apothecary's shop. That is—when I did not go to a few houses beyond to sit and gaze into the eyes of Dolores.

These very eyes here turn languidly upon the reader from an unskilful boyish sketch which yet tells of the premature splendors of this Cuban sweetheart. Almost from infancy Mr. Vedder has kept his sketches, and these records dotted through the pages are an extraordinarily interesting feature of the book. One may regret that he has not presented more of those admirable chalk studies of recent years which are known only to the few privileged to examine his portfolios, but in making up the pictorial record irrespective of quality he has shown a sound autobiographical instinct. This reluctance to put his best foot forward is very characteristic of the book. Our author wishes to be liked merely as "V," the friend, the wit, and boon companion; he requires no official admiration and almost evades it. Of what is perhaps his most important work, the decorations in the Congressional Library, he tells no more than that he tried to make the paintings accord with the architecture. When he praises his own work it is likely to be some little study that has never left his studio. Only in the matter of the famous designs for the Rubáiyát does he give expected explanations, and then briefly. Similarly, in portraiture of his friends at Rome, he passes the celebrities, Charlotte Cushman, the Storys, and others, with a mere word, while he expatiates upon the good fellows of the Caffè Greco. There was Simmit, the zoölogist, who after simpler information had been absorbed would reveal the secret that the elephant gave birth to its young in carefully corded packages. There was Rauch, who, as he grew poorer and his dog older, found that meat did not agree with him. It continued to agree with the dog. For these vignettes of forgotten people—of Thomas Hotchkiss, who should have disputed the laurels of Inness; of Bonaiuti at Florence, who consumed a life in teaching and copying, while planning a single masterpiece eventually to be colored "in the manner of Titian"—for these amiable *ignoti* one can dispense with the great of the earth. We hope that Mr. Vedder may yet communicate his reminiscences of his celebrated acquaintance; his reticence in the present shows sound autobiographical tact. Too free an introduction of persons of importance would have sadly changed the character of the most informal of tales.

Rather oddly, Mr. Vedder has omitted from the illustrations what one regards as his important works. There is no material for the estimation of the illustrator of Omar and the mural decorator. Instead, we have intimate sketches, some in colors, closely associated with the text, we have always "V," and never the decorator of the Bowdoin Art Gallery, of the Congressional Library, and the C. P. Huntington house. It is not an art that is presented for criticism, but a versatile, whimsical, highly self-conscious personality that is to be taken or left. Here is a boy that invented a religion, a man who contrived phonetic alphabets, an autobiographer who expresses himself readily in both verse and prose of unliterary effectiveness, who passes blithely from pathos to buffoonery—a flexible, insinuating, multiform personality—here is "V," and according to your temperament you will take his book to your heart or put it on the family index.

It is a book of all sorts; no methodical review is possible, and in sampling it we can do no better than transcribe one of those extraordinarily vivid passages which crop out startlingly from the average texture of pathos and mirth. It is a Cuban scene.

> In going to the fishing grounds, we drifted along the coast in the dark, warm, tropic night, kept from going ashore by the land breeze, which came off to us laden with the strong smell of earth, and the odor of the flowers, the air tremulous with the trilling of thousands of tree-toads, sounding like innumerable silver sheep-bells. The starry sky was mirrored in the sea below, so we seemed between two skies, except when below the wave a phosphorescent track, like a shooting star, marked where some big fish was chasing a smaller one; for while all seemed peace, and in the mind of a lone boy thoughts akin to worship arose, in Nature all about him it was pitiless war; and death kept pace with life. This was impressed on me one day by a vision of sudden death which I have never forgotten.
>
> I was following the padron, who was casting his net. We were wading in the clear water, waist-deep, when I saw something on the bottom and called him back to look at it. It seemed a vigorous mass of vitality, of a rich velvet brown, and had large eyes. The padron at once tore it up from off the rocks, and it as quickly embraced his arm with its tenacles. This did not seem to concern him, for he managed to get at the under side of the animal, and fumbling at its very vitals, brought it to his mouth and gave it a quick, sharp bite. At once over this rich brown live thing, spreading to the end of its arms, passed an ashy pallor, the arms fell limply off, and he threw the dead thing into the basket at his back.

Surely, the painter has digressed in another art with surprising success. Lafcadio Hearn himself need not have been ashamed to avow these paragraphs.

On one occasion young Vedder almost persuaded Emerson that the artist must live abroad among the archives of his trade. After a fitful struggle in New York in war-time, "V" went back to Rome to practise his own preaching for many years. At Paris he had already passed through the classical atelier of Picot, at Florence had studied with the literalist Bonaiuti. There he fell under the influence of the Pre-Raphaelites. In short, every reactionary or obsolescent school had a hand in his training, and it is remarkable that he weathered his education. He writes in rueful self-analysis:

> My pictures always have to me a home-made air which I don't like. I mean, they lack the air of a period or school, and this—I say it seriously—seems to me a great defect. I commenced with a great love of color and a strong sense of the solidity of form; but drawing killed the color, and atmosphere weakened the form, and reduced me to what I am. I loved landscape, but was urged to paint the figure; thus my landscape was spoiled by the time devoted to the figure; and the figure suffered by my constant flirting with landscape. What I felt strongly, I could strongly express in the sketch, but the finished picture killed the feeling—and then in addition, all became sicklied o'er by the pale cast of thought. I was accused of having imagination.

To such self-criticism nothing may profitably be added except that this minute training and eclectically cultivated sensibility, made Mr. Vedder an ideal illustrator of the quatrains of Omar. A somewhat moody and highly sensuous quality that overweights much of the work, here gains interpretative value. The influence of Blake is freely admitted, but this homage to the poet painter is temperamental and never sinks to obvious imitation. It would not be surprising if the public verdict were right in accounting this peculiar blend of Persian and modern mysticism Mr. Vedder's most permanent achievement. Among Mr. Vedder's many artistic inventions this autobiography is not the least noteworthy.

In "The Story of Spanish Painting" (Century Company) Charles H. Caffin shows his familiar qualities of ready sympathy and literary deftness, and, profiting by the compactness of the theme, produces a more unitary effect than he did in the similar handbook on the painting of Holland. El Greco finds in our author an unwavering advocate, Ribera a discreet apologist. The closing sentiment of the chapter on Greco is characteristic enough to be quoted.

> He (Greco) will help us to an understanding of other great artists of expression such as Michelangelo, Giotto, the nameless artists of the Byzantine period, and the known and unknown masters of Buddhistic art.

We can imagine this appealing with bene-

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dictional force to a lecture audience, but closely analyzed it means that a peculiarly remote and cloistered manner of painting is the portal to the central styles. Probably no reader will commit the absurdity of approaching Giotto through Greco, and yet so persuasive is Mr. Caffin that he should hesitate to expose his flock to these hazards. There is an ancient Madonna at Seville which displays a "union of the feeling of Cimabue and Fra Angelico." No harm is meant by such analogies, but violence is done to clearness of appreciation. Take again the definition of impressionism:

When we speak of an Impressionist, we mean one, who, in literature, or drama, or painting, or sculpture, colors his impressions according to the moods of his temperament.

Clearly such a definition would comfortably include Claude Lorrain, Ruysdael, Monet, and Winslow Homer. It would exclude only completely frigid artists if such there be. We regret especially Mr. Caffin's careless use of language in all generalizations, because the substance of his concrete criticisms is sound, agreeably expressed, and likely to do good. This book, as its predecessors, will be popular. More's the pity then that an occasional rhetorical sally of an extraneous sort may make the reader suspect that the business of generalization is a mere occasion for bandying fine words. The book is attractively made and well illustrated.

The successful exhibition of Chinese and Japanese works of art at Munich in 1909, and the large Mohammedan exhibition recently held there, indicate a very lively interest in the development of these departments of Oriental culture. Additional evidence of it is furnished by Dr. Oskar Münsterberg's "Chinesische Kunstgeschichte," the first volume of which, treating of painting and sculpture in the pre-Buddhistic period, has just been published by Max Schreiber in Esslingen on the Neckar. The second and concluding volume on Chinese architecture and artistic handicraft will appear in 1911. The author has devoted himself with diligence and ability to the study of the growth and character of civilization, and especially the evolution of the fine arts in eastern Asia, and has embodied his researches in several works, including a history of Japanese art in three volumes (1904-1907). Chinese art, it is stated, began to be influenced by that of Greece and Rome as early as the eighth century before the Christian era, and reached its highest point of perfection about twenty centuries later (A. D. 960-1280). The masterpieces produced during this period exerted a marked influence on European art, especially perceptible, our author suggests, in the paintings of Leonardo da Vinci, Rembrandt, and Watteau. The Chinese emperors, as a rule, were ardent lovers of works of art, and devoted themselves with great zeal and good taste to making collections of them. The gallery of the Emperor Huitsung is said to have contained 6,192 paintings, all of which were destroyed by invading Tartars. The catalogue in twenty volumes still exists, but the pictures can be seen only in a few Japanese copies. These constantly occurring devastations account for the disappearance of the originals, so that it is now impossible to find them in any part of the immense empire, or to form any proper conception of the quantity produced or of their inestimable value. Dr. Münsterberg has opened an entirely new and extremely interesting field of research, and has already gathered considerable material pertaining to the subject. The book is richly illustrated, containing fifteen colored plates and 321 engravings in the text. The price of the first volume, unbound (pp. xvi, 352, 8vo.), is twenty marks, or five dollars.

Justin Chrysostome Sanson, the French sculptor, died in Paris a fortnight since, at the age of seventy-seven. He was the author of many busts and medallions of celebrities, and had exhibited at the Salon for the past fifty years.

Finance.

THE COMMISSION AND THE CURRENCY.

In his speech the other day before the Academy of Political Science, Senator Aldrich said of the Monetary Commission's work:

We commence to-day, I think I may safely say, our work upon another and even more important phase of the difficult task which has been assigned us. We intend to commence immediately the work of examination with a view of completing our work and of making our report of a plan, of some plan, for the approval of Congress at the earliest practicable moment.

What we now propose to do is to seek counsel and to invoke the calm judgment of economists, of students, of men of affairs, of bankers, and business men, with reference to the work which we have in hand.

On the basis of this statement by the chairman of the Monetary Commission, Washington advices have been predicting efforts to bring about the immediate enactment of a currency and banking bill at the coming final session of the Sixty-first Congress. It is difficult to share that particular expectation. This session of Congress will expire by law on the fourth of March, and it would be an unprecedented feat to construct, propose, consider, and enact, in that short interval, so complicated a scheme of legislation as the reform of the banking system. It will be said, perhaps, that the Specie Resumption act was passed in the last weeks of an expiring Congress, whose Republican majority had just been defeated at the polls. But the subject of specie resumption had been before the people for a decade; intelligent opinion, in and out of Congress, had pretty solidly crystallized on the practical basis of reform, and the drafting of the law was simplicity itself, compared with the present problem. To-day, even the party at present dominant in Congress is not agreed regarding the plan of currency reform. It is doubtful if the Monetary Commission itself has reached any formal conclusion as to plans and alternatives; to the public, at any rate, the views of most of its members are unknown.

These facts are not recited for the purpose of discountenancing the discussion. On the contrary, it is high time that the Monetary Commission, which has been in existence since May of 1908, should take measures toward some definite proposition or propositions. This is an indispensable first step, because, as Mr. Jacob H. Schiff has correctly said, public discussion is bound to be largely suspended until the Commission makes its own report. That report might submit one plan or more than one; it might present the Commission's unanimous judgment or it might embody majority and minority conclusions. But until some conclusion is officially reached, it will be difficult for the community at large to look upon the discussion as practical.

Opinion at Washington seems to be that such a report would favor, exclusively or alternatively, the Central Bank expedient. This impression has presumably arisen from the fact that the Central Bank has been avowedly favored by Mr. Aldrich, chairman of the Senate Finance Committee, and by Mr. Vreeland, chairman of the Banking and Currency Committee of the House. After adjournment of this Congress, however, neither Senator Aldrich nor Mr. Vreeland will occupy his present chairmanship; indeed, it is a rather curious fact that, out of the eighteen members of the Monetary Commission, no less than eleven have either died, or announced their retirement from public life, or been defeated for reëlection. Exactly what will be the bearing of this fact on the Congressional prestige attaching to the Commission's recommendations, it is somewhat difficult to say; but the fact itself cannot be wholly dismissed from calculations of legislative probabilities.

The strongest argument for a reform in our banking system, based upon a centralized reserve and centralized power of issue, was stated, in a recent address by Paul M. Warburg, who thus set forth what he deemed the *sine qua non* of effective reform:

Cash reserves must be centralized into one strong organization where they will be available when needed, and where they will command such confidence that they will not be withdrawn except for actual circulation or gold exports.

In order to secure the free return of cash into the central reservoir there must be some means of exchange between the central reservoir and banks, so that banks may rely on their ability to build up with the central reservoir a credit balance against which they may draw cash if necessary. This medium of exchange must be commercial paper.

Fluidity of credit must be our final aim. A sound financial system must mobilize its commercial paper and make it a quick

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asset instead of a lock-up. Mobilized commercial paper must finally become the most important basis of our financial structure instead of bonds and loans on Stock Exchange collateral.

This statement of the case touches a most serious evil of the existing system—the evil which many practical observers consider largely responsible for the others. It is the practice of accumulating in the larger city banks the country's temporarily idle credit fund, of paying interest for the use of it, and of lending it out, in prodigious sums, to houses which use it for Stock Exchange speculation. In this practice, and not in any defect of note-issue powers, the student familiar with the history of Wall Street will almost invariably find the explanation of our 25 and 50 per cent. call money rates. It is this practice, also, which explains why the regular autumn harvest movement so frequently involves collapse of financial values. How much it may have had to do with the peculiar banking phenomena of the panic of 1907, is at least a question worth considering.

As matters stand to-day, the currency and banking discussion will largely converge on the question whether the very desirable reforms prescribed by Mr. Warburg can be effected only through a Central Bank, or can be reached by a different reorganization of our banking machinery. The further problems of the part which a Central Bank, considered by itself, would play on our financial stage, and of the attitude of the other sections of the country towards such an institution, will also come up for due consideration.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Abbott, L. The Spirit of Democracy. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin. $1.25 net.
Acton, Lord. Lectures on the French Revolution. Macmillan. $3.25 net.
Ansell, F. J., and Fraprie, F. R. The Art of the Munich Galleries. Boston: Page. $2 net.
Archer, G. L. Ethical Obligations of the Lawyer. Boston: Little, Brown. $3 net.
Bailey, H. T. When Little Souls Awake. Boston: Pilgrim Press. 25 cents net.
Baldwin, James. Stories of Don Quixote written anew for young people. American Book Co. 50 cents.
Barbour, R. H. The Golden Heart. Illustrated in color. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $2.
Beach, E. L. An Annapolis First Classman. Phila.: Penn Pub. Co.
Bedier's Romance of Tristram and Iseult. Translated by F. Simmonds. Illustrated by M. Lalau. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $3.75 net.
Belloc, H. On Anything. Dutton. $1.25 net.
Blake, E. C. The Great Moments in a Woman's Life. Chicago: Forbes. 75 cents.
Bolton, C. K. Scotch-Irish Pioneers in Ulster and America. Boston: Bacon & Brown.
Bonaparte. The Corsican: A Diary of Napoleon's Life in His Own Words. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.75 net.
Bowne, B. P. The Essence of Religion. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.50 net.
Brailsford, E. J. The Spiritual Sense in Sacred Legend. Eaton & Mains. $1.25 net.
Bray, M. M. My Grandmother's Garden, and An Orchard Ancestral. Boston: Badger.
Brierley, J. Life and the Ideal. Boston: Pilgrim Press. $1.25 net.
Brooks, R. C. Corruption in American Politics and Life. Dodd, Mead. $1.25 net.
Brown, C. R. The Cap and Gown. Boston: Pilgrim Press. $1. net.
Browning's The Pied Piper of Hamelin. Illustrated in color by Hope Dunlap. Chicago: Rand, McNally. $1.25.
Bussell, F. W. The Roman Empire. 2 vols. Longmans.
Catholic Encyclopedia. Vol IX, Lapr-Mass. Robert Appleton.
Clarke, H. A. Hawthorne's Country. Baker & Taylor.
Cervantes' Don Quixote. Trans. into English by R. Smith. Dutton. $3.50 net.
Chamberlain, H. S. The Foundations of the Nineteenth Century: A Translation from the German by John Lees. 2 vols. Lane. $10 net.
Cook, A. S. The Authorized Version of the Bible and Its Influence. Putnam. $1 net.
Coolidge, D. Hidden Water. Chicago: McClurg. $1.35 net.
Curtis, A. T. Grandpa's Little Girls' House Boat Party. Phila.: Penn Pub. Co.
Cynewulf. Poems. Translated into English. Prose by C. W. Kennedy. Dutton. $2 net.
Dillon, E. Porcelain and How to Collect It. Dutton. $2 net.
Dryden. Selected Dramas, edited with introduction and notes by G. R. Noyes. Chicago: Scott, Foresman. $2.25.
Dunham, W. R. Science of Human Life. Boston: Badger.
Earl, J. P. Captain of the School Team. Phila.: Penn Pub. Co.
Ehrmann, M. Poems. Dodge Publishing Company. $1.50.
Ellwood, C. A. Sociology and Modern Social Problems. American Book Company.
Emerson. Journals: 1833-1835, 1836-1838. 2 vols. Boston: Houghton Mifflin, $1.75 net, each.
Erckmann-Chatrian. The History of a Conscript of 1813. London: Bell.
Ernst, O. Blühender Lorbeer. Leipzig: L. Staackmann.
Essary, J. T. Tennessee Mountaineers in Type; a Collection of Stories. Cochrane Pub. Co. $1.08.
Field, E. Poems. Scribner's. $2 net.
Field, W. T. What Is Success? Boston: Pilgrim Press. 25 cents net.
Firth, C. H. The House of Lords During the Civil War. Longmans.
Forbush, W. B. Church Work with Boys. Boston: Pilgrim Press. 50 cents net.
Fox, F. M. Seven Little Wise Men. Boston: Page.
Fulda's Der Dummkopf. Introduction and notes by W. K. Stewart. Holt.
Garnett, Louise A. The Rhyming Ring, with pictures by Hope Dunlap. Chicago: Rand, McNally. $1.25.
Gesenius' Hebrew Grammar. Second English edition revised by A. E. Cowley. Oxford University Press. $5.25.
Goold, W. D. The Dream-Road and Other Verses. Boston: Sherman, French. $1 net.
Gould, E. L. Felicia's Visits. Phila.: Penn. Pub. Co. $1.
Gould, E. L. The Admiral's Little Housekeeper. Philadelphia: Penn Pub. Co. $1.
Griffith, H. S. Letty and the Twins. Philadelphia: Penn Pub. Co.
Grissom, I. W. The Superintendent. Alice Harriman Co. $1.35 net.
Guiterman, A. A Book of Hospitalities and a Record of Guests. San Francisco: Elder. $1.50.
Gutzkow's Uriel Acosta. Intro. and notes by S. W. Cutting and A. C. von Noé. Holt.
Hale, E. E., and Brewer, D. J. Mohonk Addresses. Boston: Ginn. 90 cents.
Hanson, J. M. Frontier Ballads. Chicago: McClurg. $1.
Hanson, J. M. With Sully into the Sioux Land. Chicago: McClurg. $1.50.
Hagood, J. Memoirs of the War of Secession. Columbia, S. C.: The State Co.
Hare, T. T. A Senior Quarter-back. Phila.: Penn Pub. Co.
Hartley, C. G. Things Seen in Spain. Dutton. 75 cents net.
Harvard Studies in Classical Philology. Vol. xxi, 1910. Cambridge, Mass.
Hay, M. The Winter Queen: Being the Unhappy History of Elizabeth Stuart, Queen of Bohemia. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $4 net.
Heinrich, M. Correct Principles of Classical Singing. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard. $1.50 net.
Higgins, A. C. A Little Princess of the Pines. Philadelphia: Penn Pub. Co. $1.25.
Holbrook, F. Hiawatha Alphabet. Chicago: Rand McNally.
Howard, W. G. Laokoon: Lessing, Herder, Goethe. Selections. Holt.
Howe, M. Sicily in Shadow and in Sun. Boston: Little, Brown.
Huey, M. M. Marjorie Moxie, Her Experiences. Chicago: Rand, McNally.
Hurlbut, J. L. The Superintendent's Helper, 1911. Eaton & Mains. 25 cents net.
Husband, M. F. A. A Dictionary of the Characters in the Waverley Novels of Sir Walter Scott. Dutton. $3 net.
Ingelow, J. Mopsa the Fairy. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $1.50.
International Studio. Autumn Number: Peasant Art in Sweden, Lapland, and Iceland. Lane. $3 net.
Isham, F. S. The Social Buccaneer. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill.
James G. W. Heroes of California. Boston: Little, Brown. $2 net.
Jefferson, C. E. An Original Year; Congregationalism. Boston: Pilgrim Press. 50 cents; 35 cents, net.
Johnson, A. T. Chickens and How to Raise Them. Philadelphia: Penn Pub Co.
Johnston, A. F. Mary Ware in Texas. Boston: Page. $1.50.
Johnston, R. F. Lion and Dragon in Northern China. Dutton. $5 net.
Kennedy, C. W. The Poems of Cynewulf.
Krout, M. H. Platters and Pipkins. Chicago: McClurg.
Lambert, M. B. Handbook of German Idioms. Holt.
Lang. A. The World of Homer. Longmans.
Lee, A. L. A Freshman Co-Ed. Philadelphia: Penn Pub. Co.
Le Rossignol, J. E., and Stewart, W. D. State Socialism in New Zealand. Crowell. $1.50 net.
Lewis, H. P. Lippincott's Primer. Philadelphia: Lippincott.
Lloyd, H. D. Lords of Industry. Putnam. $1.50 net.
Lobstein, P. An Introduction to Protestant Dogmatics. Translated from the French by A. M. Smith. University of Chicago Press. $1.62.
London, J. Theft: A Play in Four Acts. Macmillan. $1.25 net.
Lucas, E. V. The Slowcoach. Macmillan. $1.50 net.
Lyman, A. J. Underneath Are the Everlasting Arms. Boston: Pilgrim. 50 cents.
McIntyre, J. T. Ashton-Kirk, Investigator. Philadelphia: Penn Pub. Co.
McIntyre, J. T. The Young Continentals at Bunker Hill. Philadelphia: Penn Pub. Co.
Mackail, J. W. Lectures on Greek Poetry. Longmans.
Madison, L. F. Peggy Owen, Patriot. Philadelphia: Penn Pub. Co. $1.25.
Malet, L. The Golden Galleon. Doran. $1.20 net.

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Marden, O. S. Be Good to Yourself; Getting On. Crowell. $1 net, each.
Mecklenburg, Duke of. In the Heart of Africa. Translated by G. E. Maberly-Oppler. Cassell.
Michel, E. Great Masters of Landscape Painting. Philadelphia: Lippincott.
Mileham, G. S. Churches in Lower Nubia. University of Pennsylvania Museum. Philadelphia.
Miller, D. S. A Drum's Story and Other Tales. Watertown, N. Y.: Hungerford-Holbrook Co. $1.
Mills, J. C. Our Inland Seas. Chicago: McClurg. $1.75 net.
Modjeska. Memories and Impressions. Macmillan. $4 net.
Moore, A. W. Pragmatism and Its Critics. University of Chicago Press. $1.36.
Morris, C. Industrial and Commercial Geography. Philadelphia: Lippincott.
Mudge, I. G., and Sears, M. E. A Thackeray Dictionary. Dutton. $3 net.
Narrative Bible. Edited for young people by Clifton Johnson. Baker & Taylor Co. $1.50 net.
Neihardt, J. G. The River and I. Putnam. $2 net.
Newton, J. F. Lincoln and Herndon. Cedar Rapids, Ia.: Torch Press. $3 net.
Newton, W. W. How to Speak, Read, and Write. Cochrane Publishing Co. 50 cents.
Norton, S. A. The Call of the Heights. Boston: Pilgrim Press. 50 cents net.
O'Brien, W. An Olive Branch in Ireland, and Its History. Macmillan. $3.25 net.
Ogilvy, J. S. Relics and Memorials of London Town. Dutton. $5 net.
Olin, C. H. Phrenology. Philadelphia: Penn Pub. Co.
Otis, J. The Cruise of the Sally D. Philadelphia: Penn Pub. Co.
Plutarch's Cimon and Pericles. Newly translated, with notes, by B. Perrin. Scribner. $2 net.
Ramé, L. de la (Ouida). Bimbi: Stories of
Rankin, I. O. Closet and Altar. Boston: Pilgrim Press. 25 cents net.
Rauschenbusch, W. For God and the People. Boston: Pilgrim Press. $1 net.
Remick, G. M. Glenloch Girls Abroad. Philadelphia: Penn Pub. Co. $1.25.
Reports of the Bureau of the Census. Telephones: 1907. Washington: Gov. Ptg. Office.
Roosevelt, T. African and European Addresses. Putnam.
Rose, E. W., and Francis, V. H. Cathedrals and Cloisters of the Isle de France. 2 vols. Putnam. $5 net.
Rutherford, M. Pages from a Journal (second edition); More Pages From a Journal. Frowde.
Schaffner, L. Love and Friendship. San Francisco: Elder. 35 cents.
Sharp, G. S. A Little Patch o' Blue, and other poems. Boston: Badger.
Sheppard, W. C. The Rambler Club in the Mountains; The Rambler Club's Winter Camp. Philadelphia: Penn Pub. Co.
Shorter, C. Napoleon in His Own Defence. Cassell.
Small, A. W. The Meaning of Social Science. University of Chicago Press. $1.62.
Smart, G. T. If I Should Meet the Master! Boston: Pilgrim Press. 50 cents.
Stedman, E. C. Life and Letters. By Laura Stedman and G. M. Gould. 2 vols. Moffat, Yard. $7.50 net.
Stephens, A. H. Recollections of Alexander H. Stephens. Edited, with a biography study, by M. L. Avary. Doubleday, Page. $2.50 net.
Stevenson, B. E. The Path of Honor. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $1.50.
Stirling, Y. A United States Midshipman in the Philippines. Phila.: Penn Pub. Co.
Storm's Auf der Universität. Introduction and notes by R. N. Corwin. Holt.
Strang, H. Round the World in Seven Days. Doran. $1.25.
Suttner, Baroness v. Memoirs. Translation by N. H. Dale. Boston: Ginn. $5.50 net.
Sylvester, H. M. Indian Wars of New England. 3 vols. Boston: W. B. Clarke Co. $15.
Tjader, R. The Big Game of Africa. Appleton.
Toynbee, P. Dante Alighieri, His Life and Works. Fourth edition. Macmillan. $1.50.
Trares, G. J. Selections from Parts I and II of Frederick's Peregrination, and other poems. London: Murray & Co.
Trine, R. W. The Land of Living Men. Crowell. $1.25.
Trowbridge, W. R. H. Cagliostro. Dutton. $3.50 net.
Walker, C. E. Hereditary Characters and Their Modes of Transmission. Longmans.
Warde, M. Betty Wales on the Campus. Philadelphia: Penn Pub. Co. $1.25.
Wattles, W. D. Hell-Fire Harrison. Boston: Page.
Wells, A. R. Everyday Poems. Revell. $1.25 net.
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